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ART. I.—*A History of the early Part of the Reign of James the Second ; with an introductory Chapter. By the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. To which is added an Appendix. 4to. 1l. 16s. Miller.*

WHERE expectation has been raised very high, disappointment is apt to ensue. Even in the common occurrences of life, the usual effect of anticipation is to blunt the edge of enjoyment ; and, in proportion as the sensation of expectancy is carried to a higher pitch, the greater are, commonly, the mortification and disgust. We are wont to mistake the possibilities of gratification ; and in imagination to carry them beyond what is compatible with the state of human imperfection. There are some characters of whom our admiration is so strong, and our conceptions of their ability and genius so elevated, that we expect in their productions a degree of intellectual excellence either greater than their capacity, or beyond what, in the circumstances in which they are placed, it would be impossible for them to attain.

Expectation has seldom been more vividly excited than by the present history of Mr. Fox. The greatness of his character, the splendour of his eloquence, the independence of his principles, his large and comprehensive acquaintance with human affairs, his philosophic turn of thought, his wisdom, his sagacity, his discrimination, his unvitiated love of liberty, and his unalterable attachment to truth, all conspired, from the time in which publication was announced, to awaken the most lively curiosity.—Some persons indeed have complained that the work has disappointed their expectations.

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But instead of ascribing this to the defects of the execution, we ought perhaps to impute it to unreasonable expectancy, or to vitiated taste. But, whatever maybe the case with others, for ourselves we can at least declare that we hardly anticipated any intellectual pleasure or instruction which has not been amply supplied by the perusal of the work. Making those abatements, which candour will always make for a posthumous publication, and more particularly a performance which is only a detached fragment of a larger design, which had not received the last revision and corrections of the author, we do most sincerely declare, that we have never read any portion of history, whether ancient or modern, with more unmixed satisfaction. A vein of philosophy incorporated with the most genuine love of liberty, and with the most unfeigned dislike of tyranny and oppression, pervades the whole. The reflections are not only golden but of the purest gold. In them there is no alloy. They shew that the author united the elevated mind of the sage with the benign and gentle disposition of the christian. Throughout the whole there is a love of truth which takes nothing on trust which it can ascertain by scrupulous research; which examines with a critical eye not only the larger features, but the minutest lines, not only the massy parts but the circumstantial niceties of every transaction. This is that essential qualification of an historian, without which he is the author only of poetry or romance. The laws of historical composition never authorise even a single deviation from truth, however trivial and insignificant it may seem.

The narrative of history has no concern except with matters of fact; and the historian, who is impressed with a proper sense of his duty, will not for the sake of heightening the colouring, or multiplying the embellishments, or invigorating the impression, admit any accessaries which did not actually coexist with, or make a part of, the fact which he describes. When Hume intimates that, previous to his execution, Charles the first was confined in such a situation that he could hear the noise of the workmen fixing up his scaffold, he asserted an infamous falsehood in order to produce a temporary effect. His object was to excite the indignation of the reader towards the brutality of the republicans, and to increase his sympathy for the sufferings of the king. The invention of such an incident was a scandalous violation of the morality of history. But Mr. Hume, with all his pretensions to philosophy, had not veracity sufficient for an historian. His object was to serve a particular purpose and to support a particular hypothesis; and this renders him almost

totally regardless of truth, particularly in those minute and incidental circumstances, on which the sensational effect of any occurrence so much depends. But the dignity of history, which is constituted of justice and of truth, will not admit into its narrative any adventitious circumstance which it knows to be fictitious, whatever political purpose it may serve, or whatever rhetorical flourish it may make.

Whatever other qualifications an historian may possess, *a defective regard for truth is that which is not susceptible of compensation.* In this transcendent quality Mr. Fox is beyond all comparison superior to Hume, and, indeed, we should find it difficult to name many writers either in ancient or in modern times, who in scrupulous observance of veracity can compare with Mr. Fox.

With a strict regard for truth in the relation of facts, the genius of history requires an unbiassed impartiality in the delineation of characters. Here the historian is particularly liable to err, as his hate or his affection may impel. And though those, who are dead, can hardly be said to be objects of friendship or of enmity, yet both friendship and enmity, particularly when connected with political or religious considerations, which have not a fugitive existence, often become matters of inheritance. But Mr. Fox is as free as any writer can be, from the contagious influence of factious or sectarian sympathy or aversion. When he depicts a character, he does not dip his pen in any narrow-minded partialities or dislikes. In his estimate of political or individual worth, however obnoxious the person may seem, he never omits any circumstances of extenuation which can mitigate his enormities, or furnish an excuse for his errors. He is neither indiscriminate in his censure nor his praise. Kings and priests seem the object of his dislike; but then they are only such kings as are characterised by tyranny and oppression, and such priests as are the agents of intolerance and superstition. Mr. Fox considered the kingly power as a species of magistracy instituted for the good of the people; and he certainly respected the sacerdotal office no farther than as it was rendered subservient to the great ends of charity and of peace. In these respects he both thought and reasoned like a christian, a patriot, and a sage.

In an excellent preface to the work, which does honour to the elegance and the virtue of the editor, Lord Holland has thrown some light on the manner in which it was composed, and furnished some few traits which place the character of his uncle in a very amiable and agreeable point of view. Though the larger

part of the life of Mr. Fox was passed in the vortex of political contention ; yet that sweet retirement, in which his mind might be devoted to literary pursuits, and his bosom occupied by the sensibilities of social and domestic interest, was always the object for which he most anxiously panted in the turbulent scenes of public life. As he advanced in years, this desire increased in strength ; and in the year 1797, harrassed and oppressed by a long course of fruitless opposition to a prodigal and ruinous administration, he seriously entertained the idea of retiring for ever from the public stage, and consecrating the remainder of his days to domestic enjoyments and literary occupations. But the importunities of his friends, which the kindness of his heart would hardly suffer him to resist, prevented the accomplishment of his design. And though, after the period which we have mentioned, he only occasionally attended the house of Commons till the period of Mr. Addington's administration, yet subsequent events caused him again to appear rather with new than with diminished vigour, constancy, and zeal, in the great council of the nation. From this time, therefore, to the death of Mr. Pitt, his historical labours must have experienced numerous interruptions by his parliamentary attendance ; and from the time of his own promotion to office in February 1806, to his death in the September following, the prosecution of his history must have been totally suspended.

The greatest interval of leisure, which Mr. Fox enjoyed for the execution of any literary undertaking, must have been in the interval between the middle of 1797 and of 1801 ; but in this period he could have composed little more than his introductory chapter, for he did not get possession of the documents which are printed in the appendix till 1802 ; and he could not have made use of them till his return from Paris at the end of that year. The two chapters, therefore, of the reign of James II. though many of the materials might have been previously collected, must have been reduced into their present form some time between the beginning of 1803 and 1806. In the first period, therefore, of more than four years, from 1797 to 1801, Mr. Fox seems to have composed no more than about sixty-six pages of a loosely printed quarto, which would amount to little more than a quarter of a page in a week ; and in a page of twenty-eight lines, to a line or about nine words in a day. In the second period, from the commencement of 1803 to that of 1806, the sum of Mr. Fox's historical labours

may be computed at two hundred pages of twenty-eight lines in a page, and about nine words in a line. To some of our modern authors, whose brains breed like rabbits, and who can produce a canto of rhyme almost as soon as Mr. Fox could exhibit a page of prose, this may seem a very slow rate of intellectual parturition. But we are to consider, that even in those times in which Mr. Fox might seem to enjoy most leisure, he was exposed to numerous avocations. His correspondence must have been extensive ; much of his time must have been applied to the visits of his friends, and to his own domestic arrangements, to desultory reading, of which he appears to have been always fond, to polite literature, and above all, to the poets of ancient and modern times, the perusal of whose works constituted his highest gratification.

After these large deductions from the time which he could call his own, or which was not engrossed by his parliamentary duty, the small part which remained must have been employed rather in research than in composition, and not so much in the exercise of the pen as in consulting books, collecting information, comparing evidence, balancing probabilities, tracing reports to their source, following characters through the maze of contradictory appearances, through their different degrees or combinations, of innocence or guilt, of virtue or depravity. The fragment of history which Mr. Fox has left, though comparatively small, must yet have been the fruit of no ordinary toil. Many persons would undoubtedly have finished the whole history in the time which it took Mr. Fox to write the two first books ; but would they have examined not only the mass of important facts, but all the minor particulars, with the whole appendage of relative and subordinate circumstances with *the same minuteness of research, the same indefatigable diligence, the same moral candour, and the same critical sagacity*? Mr. Fox entered on the office of an historian, with a serious conviction of the sacred obligations which it imposed. He felt that his first duty was to state nothing that was false, and wilfully to suppress or to disguise nothing that was true. But this he knew that he might even inadvertently do, if he took *any thing upon trust, which he could verify by evidence*. This necessarily occasioned such a depth and prolixity of research as retarded every step ; but though it made his pace slow, it rendered his footing sure. We believe that no historian can be more safely trusted even in the smallest minutiae of detail.

Mr. Fox's amiable nephew has commemorated his scrupulous exactness 'with respect to all the circumstances of any fact which he was obliged either to relate or advert to,' which rendered his progress slow by the multiplicity and minuteness of the enquiries which it occasioned.

'History,' says Mr. Fox in one of his letters, 'goes on, but it goes on very slowly. The fact is, I am a very slow writer, but I promise I will persevere. I believe I am too scrupulous both about language and facts; though with respect to the latter it is hardly possible. It is astonishing how many facts one finds related for which there is no authority whatever. Tradition, you will say, does in some cases, but it will not apply to others.'

Mr. Fox, as we learn from his own confession and from the information of Lord Holland,

'Was as slow in composition, as he was rapid in public speaking. He had employed many days in writing his letter to the electors of Westminster in 1793; and even the publication of his speech on the late Duke of Bedford (the only instance in which he ever revised what he had delivered in public) occupied a greater portion of his time than could be easily imagined by those who were unacquainted with his scrupulous attention to all the niceties of language.'

The tardy pace of his pen compared with the eloquent rapidity of his tongue offers rather a curious phœnomenon in the history of mind. It shows that the faculties of the understanding will not, any more than those of the body, readily accommodate themselves to a new direction. What has been previously untried or little tried is awkwardly or difficultly performed. The laws of mechanism and of habit seem applicable to the operations of the intellect. The mind of Mr. Fox, which had been little employed in written composition, had been most vigorously and habitually exercised in conjunction with the organs of speech; and hence, from the force of association, the mere physical act of speaking rather assisted than impeded the activity of his understanding. But, when instead of speaking his thoughts with a precipitate and voluble utterance, he recurred to the more tardy and less accustomed method of setting them down on paper in orderly succession, it is probable that the mental faculty itself, when first exercised in a new method, was less energetic and alert. When Mr. Fox

spoke, it seems to have been his practice to take the first words which offered ; and those, which offered, though not always the best which might have been chosen, were seldom such as did not accord with the emotions of the speaker, and with the subject which occupied his mind. The fluency of oratory is incompatible with any hesitation in the choice of words. From the effect of habit those which are best will generally come first to hand ; and, if those, which come first, are not taken, there is seldom time to wait for the arrival of those which stay behind. But when Mr. Fox employed his pen instead of his tongue for the vehicle of his ideas, the mode, which he had previously so little practised, was rendered difficult from the want of that habit which alone produces facility ; and in proportion as Mr. Fox had more leisure to chuse his expressions, he became more fastidious in the choice. He seems to have been at considerable pains in turning every sentence which he wrote. The nicest shades of meaning did not elude his observance, and he applied no small portion of critical acumen to every word which he employed. Had Mr. Fox lived to write more, he would have written with more facility ; and some parts of the present work evince a greater appearance of ease than can be discerned in others ; but his example may convince us that he who practices oratory ought, at the same time, to cultivate the art of composition, that he may excel in both.

In his introductory chapter, Mr. Fox casts a short but luminous, a rapid but discriminating glance over the principal features of English history, from the reign of Henry VIII. to the death of Charles the second. Mr. Fox says that there are particular periods of history, which contain the powerful but latent causes of great future changes, at which the mind is naturally invited to pause, and endeavour by the force of its own reasoning power, to trace them into their remote effects. The picture, which the mind thus delineates of what will be from what is, will not perhaps correspond with the reality ; but by comparing it with the actual event, it will tend to strengthen the powers of reflection, to elucidate the true connection between moral causes and effects, and to increase the sagacity of the individual. If, for instance, we place ourselves at the commencement of the civil wars in 1640, and divesting ourselves as much as possible of previous recollections endeavour to contemplate the issue from the causes which we behold in action, from the relative situation of the great contending parties, from the religious as well as political ferment which pervades all

ranks, from the shock of ancient prejudices and the spirit of recent innovation, the conclusions, which we should form, would probably differ from the result, but by comparing our theory of what would be with what actually happened, we should learn to correct the errors of our own speculations, to guard against those false estimates which a superficial view of human affairs is continually inciting us to make, and to render the history of past ages in the highest degree subservient to our instruction.

'He,' says Mr. Fox, 'will read history with most profit, who the most canvasses questions of this nature; especially if he can divest his mind for the time of the recollection of the event as it in fact succeeded.'

It appears probable that it was from this mode of studying history, that Mr. Fox was enabled to add so much to his own stock of intellectual prescience, and to excel all his contemporaries in the sagacity with which he could trace the disastrous issue of the councils which he disapproved.

Mr. Fox seems to incline to the opinion that it would have been better to have adjusted the differences with the king by treaty than to have tried the hazardous experiment of civil war; and, though he deems the insincerity of the king unquestionable yet he asks whether that insincerity ought not, rather to have been 'guarded against by treaty than alleged as a pretence for breaking off the negotiation?' Perhaps this advice is rather suggested by the consciousness of what happened from adopting a contrary conduct, than such as Mr. Fox himself would have given if he had been living at the time. The flagrant perfidy of the king, and that religious casuistry, by which he readily dispelled all scruples of conscience with respect to the violation of the most solemn engagements which he might have contracted with the people, seemed to render it hardly possible for the parliament to treat with a man whom no promises could bind, and who even carried in his royal bosom a sovereign *salvo* for the sanctity of an oath. When the parliament could no longer controul the army, it became very apparent that they had better have treated with the king at an earlier period; and rather have risked the peril of royal treachery than of military usurpation.

The reflections which Mr. Fox makes on the execution of Charles evince his love of liberty guided by the most enlightened views of polity and tempered by a profound feeling of humanity. Charles evidently merited his fate,

but it was both impolitic and inhuman to urge the execution, though Mr. Fox assigns very weighty reasons which extenuate the blame. If the government had suffered the king to escape, Mr. Fox remarks that

'It would have been an act of justice and generosity wholly unexampled ; and to have granted him his life, would have been one among the more rare acts of virtue.'

With respect to the example that was proposed to be set by the act, Mr. Fox properly observes that it was 'wholly needless, and therefore unjustifiable to set one for kings at a time when it was intended (that) the office of king should be abolished.' The execution of Charles considered in another view certainly tended to promote even the interest of the sufferer. By rendering him an object of sympathy it operated powerfully in favour of his family ; and prepared the way for their restoration. And it certainly cannot be ever reckoned politic to turn the affections of mankind into that channel which is most favourable to your enemy. In this respect, therefore, the wisdom of the measure must be condemned. But, says Mr. Fox,

'Notwithstanding what the more reasonable part of mankind may think upon this question it is much to be doubted whether this singular proceeding has not, as much as any other circumstance, served to raise the character of the English nation in the opinion of Europe in general. He who has read, and still more he who has heard in conversations discussions upon this subject by foreigners must have perceived, that even in the minds of those who condemn the act, the impression made by it has been far more that of respect and admiration than that of disgust and horror.'

On the character of Cromwell, Mr. Fox remarks that

'It must ever stand high in the list of those who raised themselves to supreme power by the force of their genius ; and among such, even in respect of moral virtue, it would be found to be one of the least exceptionable, if it had not been tainted with that most odious and detestable of all human vices, hypocrisy.'

No vice could be so abhorrent from the frank and ingenuous nature of Mr. Fox, as that which he has here so forcibly stigmatised ; and when we consider the censure which has been passed on it by a HIGHER AUTHORITY, we are far from thinking that it occupied an unfit station in his scale of turpitude ; but are inclined to believe that the hypocrisy of the

puritans in the days of Cromwell, like that of the methodists in the present day, deserves to be classed among those criminal habits which are most opposite to virtue, and most mischievous in their effects on the peace and happiness of society. The historian severely and pointedly reprobates the character of Monk. He was the basest of the base ; the very dregs of society could not furnish any thing more contemptible and vile. 'Personal courage,' says Mr. Fox, 'appears to have been Monk's only virtue; reserve and dissimulation made up the whole stock of his wisdom.' Not one generous feeling harboured in his breast ; and, as if his object was to be pre-eminent in infamy, he laid the whole Liberties of the nation prostrate at the feet of a monarch 'without a single provision in favour of the cause,' which he had professed to love and sworn to maintain. Mr. Fox well characterises the reign of Charles the second as the era of bad government and good laws.

'The abolition of the court of wards, the repeal of the writ *de heretico comburendo*, the triennial parliament bill, the establishment of the rights of the House of Commons in regard to impeachment, the expiration of the license act, and above all, the glorious statute of *habeas corpus* have induced a modern writer of great eminence to fix the year 1679 as the period, at which our constitution had arrived at its greatest theoretical perfection ; but he owns in a short note upon the passage alluded to that the times immediately following were times of great practical oppression. What a field for meditation does this short observation from such a man furnish ! What reflections does it not suggest to a thinking mind upon the inefficacy of human laws, and the imperfection of human constitutions. We are called from the contemplation of the progress of our constitution, and our attention fixed with the most minute accuracy to a particular point when it is said to have risen to its utmost perfection. Here we are then at the best moment of the best constitution that ever human wisdom framed. What follows ? A time of oppression and misery not arising from external or accidental causes, such as war, pestilence, or famine, nor even from any such alteration of the laws as might be supposed to impair this boasted perfection, but from a corrupt and wicked administration, which all the so much admired checks of the constitution were not able to prevent. How vain then, how idle, how presumptuous is the opinion that laws can do every thing, and how weak and pernicious the maxim founded upon it that measures, not men, are to be attended to !'

'The government of Charles the second, particularly after the fall of Clarendon, was a continued series of folly, of extravagance, cruelty, and injustice. By becoming a

pensioner on the French court he became a traitor to the nation who had restored him to the crown and entrusted him with the reins of government; and the punishment which is inflicted on traitors to the sovereign, might with tenfold justice have been inflicted on the sovereign, who in contempt of the most solemn ties and of every divine and human obligation, was a traitor to his people. History hardly furnishes the parallel of such an unprincipled miscreant. Jacob sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage; but Charles pawned the right of a whole nation, the civil and religious liberties of ten millions of people for a paltry stipend from the court of France. Both himself and his bigoted brother were the menial hirelings of the French government; and we think that Louis XIV. was truly generous in not insisting that, as they received his wages, *they should wear his livery*. The ecclesiastical tyranny which Charles exercised in Scotland was characterised by cruelties which were not surpassed in the persecutions of Dioclesian.

In mentioning the second Dutch war which broke out in 1672, Mr. Fox pays a high compliment to the pensionary De Witt, who fell a sacrifice to the fury of the populace. Mr. Fox describes him as

‘The wisest, best, and most truly patriotic minister that ever appeared upon the public stage.’

He speaks of his death as

‘An act of the most crying injustice and ingratitude;’

and as

‘The most completely discouraging example, that history affords to the lovers of liberty.’

De Witt seems to have resembled Mr. Fox in his abhorrence of war and his love of peace; in his zealous endeavours to prevent the one and to preserve the other.

‘War,’ said De Witt, ‘is much worse than an uncertain peace. And among all pernicious things, except the intolerable slavery of being governed by the will of a single person, nothing is more mischievous than war.’\*

Mr. Fox expresses his decided disbelief in the popish plot of 1678; and very properly censures the conduct of the whigs on that occasion.

\* De Witt's true Interest of Holland. 8vo. 24s.

‘ Yet,’ remarks Mr. Fox with his usual discrimination, ‘ I am afraid it may be justly suspected, that it was precisely to that part of their conduct which related to the plot, and which is most reprehensible, that they were indebted for their power to make the noble, and, in some instances, successful struggles for liberty, which do so much honour to their memory.’

‘ To these times of heat and passion, and to one of those parliaments, which so disgraced *themselves* and the nation by the countenance given to Oates and Bedloe, and by the persecution of so many innocent victims, we are indebted for the habeas corpus act, the most important barrier against tyranny, and best framed protection for the liberty of individuals, that ever existed in any ancient or modern common-wealth.’

In commenting on the bill for excluding the Duke of York from the succession, which was proposed in 1679, Mr. Fox contrasts the measure of exclusion, with the restrictions which the tories proposed to lay on a popish successor; and he criticises the merits of the two plans with his usual strength of judgment and force of discrimination.

‘ In consenting to curtail the powers of the crown, rather than to alter the succession, they (the tories) were adopting the greater to avoid the lesser evil. The question of what are to be the powers of the crown, is surely of superior importance to that of, who shall wear it? Those, at least, who consider the royal prerogative as vested in the king, not for his sake, but for that of his subjects, must consider the one of these questions as much above the other in dignity, as the rights of the public are more valuable than those of an individual. In this view the prerogatives of the crown are in substance and effect the rights of the people; and these rights of the people were not to be sacrificed to the purpose of preserving the succession to the most favoured prince, much less to one who, on account of his religious persuasion, was justly feared and suspected. In truth, the question between the exclusion and restrictions seems peculiarly calculated to ascertain the different views in which the different parties in this country have seen, and perhaps ever will see, the prerogatives of the crown. The whigs, who consider them as a trust for the people, a doctrine which the tories themselves, when pushed in argument, will sometimes admit, naturally think it their duty rather to change the manager of the trust, than to impair the subject of it; while others, who consider them as the right or property of the king, will as naturally act as they would do in the case of any other property, and consent to the loss or annihilation of any part of it, for the purpose of preserving the remainder to him, whom they style the rightful owner. If the people be the

sovereigns, and the king the delegate, it is better to change the bailiff than to injure the farm; but if the king be the proprietor, it is better the farm should be impaired, nay, part of it destroyed, than that the whole should pass over to an usurper. The royal prerogative ought, according to the whigs (not in the case of a popish successor only, but in all cases,) to be reduced to such powers as are in their exercise beneficial to the people; and of the benefit of these they will not rashly suffer the people to be deprived, whether the executive power be in the hands of an hereditary, or of an elected king; of a regent, or of any other denomination of magistrate; while on the other hand, they who consider prerogative with reference only to royalty, will, with equal readiness, consent either to the extension or the suspension of its exercise, as the occasional interests of the prince may seem to require. The senseless plea of a divine and indefeasible right in James, which even the legislature was incompetent to set aside, though as inconsistent with the declarations of parliament in the statute book, and with the whole practice of the English constitution, as it is repugnant to nature and common sense, was yet warmly insisted upon by the high church party. Such an argument, as might naturally be expected, operated rather to provoke the whigs to perseverance, than to dissuade them from their measure: it was, in their eyes, an additional merit belonging to the exclusion bill, that it strengthened, by one instance more, the authority of former statutes, in reprobating a doctrine which seems to imply, that man can have a property in his fellow creatures. By far the best argument in favour of the restrictions, is the practical one, that they could be obtained, and that the exclusion could not; but the value of this argument is chiefly proved by the event. The exclusionists had a fair prospect of success, and their plan being clearly the best, they were justified in pursuing it.'

Mr. Fox very justly and very pointedly reprobates the disingenuous conduct of Hume in excusing Charles from the murder of Sidney, when both the jury and the judge were the mere creatures of the court.

'Widely,' says Mr. Fox, 'as I differ from him upon many other occasions, this appears to me the most reprehensible passage of his whole work.'

The truth of history is almost the only punishment which can be inflicted on the crimes of kings. But if this truth be violated, and the page of history be servilely prostituted to palliate the outrages of tyrants, one of the strongest barriers against the injustice and cruelty of sovereigns is removed; and the historian is guilty of an act which is most pernicious to the interests of his fellow creatures not only in the pre-

sent but in all future times. The importance of historical truth, when viewed in this light, ascends to the highest pitch of moral obligation. Though in point of literary execution the history of Mr. Fox is inferior to that of Hume; yet in point of strict adherence to truth the history of Mr. Hume is more than proportionally inferior to that of Mr. Fox.

We cannot pass by the reflections which Mr. Fox makes on the deaths of Russel and of Sidney.

‘Thus fell Russel and Sidney, two names that will, it is hoped, be for ever dear to every English heart. When their memory shall cease to be an object of respect and veneration, it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretel that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation. Their deportment was such as might be expected from men who knew themselves to be suffering, not for their crimes, but for their virtues. In courage they were equal, but the fortitude of Russel, who was connected with the world by private and domestic ties, which Sidney had not, was put to the severer trial; and the story of the last days of this excellent man's life fills the mind with such a mixture of tenderness and admiration, that I know not any scene in history that more powerfully excites our sympathy or goes more directly to the heart.’

Mr. Fox characterises Charles II. as unprincipled, ungrateful, mean and treacherous, vindictive and remorseless. He allows him to have possessed a small portion of those qualities which make an approach to the nature of the amiable. ‘He was gay and affable,’ and though he wanted the pride of an elevated character, ‘he was at least free from haughtiness and insolence.’ We agree with Mr. Fox in classing the kindness of Charles towards his mistresses, his affection for his children and his relations among the best parts of his character; though we are aware that the rigid censor who confounds not only the nicer lineaments but the broad features of virtue and of vice will object to this part of the praise which the historian bestows. But, in a disposition like that of Charles, which was radically bad, which was obdurately selfish, and strangely insensible to the misery and the happiness of his fellow-creatures, we are happy to remark any trait that lessens our general abhorrence and wears even the semblance of philanthropy. Of the religion of this monarch we may remark that he never had any, *though he often counterfeited the appearance.* PRAYING AND KNEELING CONSTITUTE THE RELIGION OF COURTS; and, when it suited his purpose, Charles could

pray and kneel. In his youth his mind had been imbued with the popish superstition ; in his maturer years he was both practically and professedly an infidel, but towards the close of his life he seemed willing to stifle the regrets of conscience under the munificence of the church of Rome. James no sooner mounted the throne than he began to act as if he had succeeded to an established despotism. He ordered the dues to be paid as in the former reign without waiting till they had been legalised by parliament. Indeed he seems to have been determined to govern without the concurrence of that assembly. But, at this moment, such seemed the apathy of the people to this infringement of the constitution, that no Hampden arose to resist the arbitrary exaction of the monarch, though, as Mr. Fox remarks it is doubtful,

‘ Whether even the most corrupt judges, if the question had been tried, would have had the audacity to decide it against the subject.’

But instead of experiencing resistance the court received addresses full of the most fulsome flattery and the most unqualified servitude. Yet in about three years from this period, when not one individual was found courageous enough to grapple with the power of the despot, this very oppressor, from one of those changes of opinion which tyranny must sooner or later produce, was a fugitive from his kingdom and an outcast from his throne. What an instructive lesson for subjects and for sovereigns !!!

One of the primary objects of James's reign as well as that of his predecessor was to connect himself with France by pecuniary ties in order to become the more absolute at home and the more independent on the bounty of an English parliament. We agree with Mr. Fox in thinking that this was the first object of the king, and that the plan of establishing popery was a subordinate consideration. The reflections which Mr. Fox makes on this subject are too important to be omitted.

‘ The tory historians,’ says he, ‘ especially such of them as are not jacobites, have taken much pains to induce us to attribute the violence and illegalities of this reign to James's religion, which was peculiar to him, rather than to that desire of absolute power, which so many other princes have had, have, and always will have in common with him. The policy of such misrepresentation is obvious. If this period is to be considered as a period insulated, as it were, and unconnected with the general course of history, and if the events of it are to be attributed exclusively, to the particular

character and particular attachments of the monarch, the sole inference will be, that we must not have a catholic for our king, whereas, if we consider it, which history will warrant us to do, as a part of that system which had been pursued by all the Stuart kings, as well prior, as subsequent to the restoration, the lesson which it affords is very different, as well as far more instructive.'

It teaches us to watch the power of the crown with an unceasing jealousy ; by which alone the public liberty can be secured, and never, in order to obtain any partial benefits, to barter away the great blessings of civil liberty.

We shall not detail the butchery that was practised in Scotland on the conventiclers and other non-conformists, under the direction of the Duke of Lauderdale, or relate the massacre of the Cameronians who were hunted by blood hounds, or shot like wild beasts, but hasten to the character which Mr. Fox draws of the Church party at this period, the opposite influence of whose religious and political tenets he describes with his usual nicety of discernment, and in a manner which throws considerable light on contemporary events and on subsequent transactions.

'Obedience,' says Mr. Fox, 'without reserve, an abhorrence of all resistance, as contrary to the tenets of their religion, are the principles which they professed in their addresses, their sermons, and their decrees at Oxford ; and surely nothing short of such principles could make men esteem the latter years of Charles the Second and the opening of the reign of the successor, an era of national happiness and exemplary government. Yet this is the representation of that period, which is usually made by historians, and other writers of the church party. 'Never were fairer promises on one side, nor greater generosity on the other,' says Mr. Echard. 'The King had as yet, in no instance, invaded the rights of his subjects,' says the author of the *Caveat against the whigs*. Thus as long as James contented himself with absolute power in civil matters, and did not make use of his authority against the church, every thing went smooth and easy ; nor is it necessary, in order to account for the satisfaction of the parliament and people, to have recourse to any implied compromise, by which the nation was willing to yield its civil liberties as the price of retaining its religious constitution. The truth seems to be, that the king, in asserting his unlimited power, rather fell in with the humour of the prevailing party, than offered any violence to it. Absolute power in civil matters, under the specious names of monarchy and prerogative, formed a most essential part of the *Tory* creed ; but the order in which church and king are placed in the favourite device of the party, is not accidental, and is well calculated to show the genuine principles of such among them as are not corrupted by influence. Accordingly,

as the sequel of this reign will abundantly show, when they found themselves compelled to make an option, they preferred, without any degree of inconsistency, their first idol to their second, and when they could not preserve both church and king declared for the former.'

Thus we find that it was not the hatred of despotism nor the love of liberty in the tories, but only an attachment to a certain form of *church-government* and to *certaiz speculative tenets*, which caused the church faction to unite for a season with the whigs in order to save the constitution. The king with the permission of the tories might have been as absolute as he wished *if he would have espoused the infallibility of the church of England rather than that of the church of Rome*. James therefore evidently lost the crown, not by violating the liberty of the subject, but by offending the pride and contravening the opinions of the established hierarchy. The church party regarded with indifference his despotic innovations on the civil, but were sensitively alive to his aggressions on the ecclesiastical constitution. Their prepossessions were as strong one way as those of James were another; and they both happened, fortunately for the success of the revolution, to split on a point on which neither would yield. The popish propensities of the king caused the church-party to throw their strength into the scale of the whigs in their noble exertions to place the prince of Orange on the throne. They hated the whigs less than they abhorred the pope; and, though they would willingly have endured the most abject servitude, they could not brook the *mass*. They worshipped two idols, under the denomination of church and king; but, when the king turned against the church, they turned against the king. In his third chapter Mr. Fox exhibits a very circumstantial and detailed account of the unsuccessful attempts which were made by the dukes of Monmouth and Argyle to subvert the tyranny of James. This is a very interesting part of his work. The fate of both these unfortunate noblemen, and particularly the latter, is very feelingly and impressively told. Here the artless simplicity of Mr. Fox's narrative appears to singular advantage; and we believe that there is no reader of taste who will not say that his description of the defeat, the execution, and the sufferings of Argyle, may vie, in point of classical perspicuity and sensational effect, with any thing in Hume. He who can read it without emotions of admiration and of love for the unaffected display of all that is sublime and amiable in the human character, must be destitute not only of sensi-

bility but of virtue. In Argyle we discern all that is great, magnanimous, and amiable, most happily-tempered and combined; we see the courage of the hero, the disinterestedness of the patriot, exalted and adorned by the humility, the gentleness, and the patience of the christian. Our limits will not permit us to extract more than a part of the simple, the touching and beautiful description which Mr. Fox has exhibited of the mind and heart of this virtuous nobleman, during the trying period of his imprisonment and at his execution. But though we can give only a part we are sure that the curiosity of the reader will not rest contented without perusing the whole.

‘ In recounting the failure of his expedition, it is impossible for him not to touch upon what he deemed the misconduct of his friends; and this is the subject upon which, of all others, his mind must have been most irritable. A certain description of friends (the words describing them are omitted) were all of them, without exception, his greatest enemies, both to betray and destroy him; and \* \* \* \* \* and \* \* \* \* \* (the names again omitted) were the greatest cause of his rout, and his being taken, though not designedly he acknowledges, but by ignorance, cowardice, and faction. This sentence had scarce escaped him, when, notwithstanding the qualifying words with which his candour had acquitted the last mentioned persons of intentional treachery, it appeared too harsh to his gentle nature; and declaring himself displeased with the hard epithets he had used, he desires they may be put out of any account that is to be given of these transactions.’

‘ When he is told that he is to be put to the torture, he neither breaks out into any high-sounding bravado, any premature vaunts of the resolution with which he will endure it, nor on the other hand, into passionate exclamations on the cruelty of his enemies, or unmanly lamentations of his fate: after stating that orders were arrived that he must be tortured unless he answers all questions upon oath, he simply adds that he hopes God will support him; and then leaves off writing, not from any want of spirits to proceed, but to enjoy the consolation which was yet left him, the countess being just then admitted.’

‘ Religious concerns in which he seems to have been very serious and sincere, engaged much of his thoughts; but his religion was of that genuine kind, which, by representing the performance of our duties to our neighbour as the most acceptable service to God, strengthens all the charities of social life. While he anticipates with a hope approaching to certainty, a happy futurity, he does not forget those who have been justly dear to him in this world. He writes on the day of his execution to his wife and some other rela-

tions, for whom he seems to have entertained a sort of parental tenderness, short, but the most affectionate letters, wherein he gives them the greatest satisfaction then in his power, by assuring them of his composure and tranquillity of mind, and refers them for further consolation to those sources from which he derived his own.

‘ He states that those, in whose hands he is, had at first used him hardly, but that God had melted their hearts, and that he was now treated with civility,’ as an instance of this he mentions the liberty which he had obtained of sending a letter to one of his friends.

‘ Never perhaps did a few sentences present so striking a picture of a mind truly virtuous and honorable. Heroic courage is the least part of his praise, and vanishes, as it were, from our sight when we contemplate the sensibility with which he acknowledges the kindness, such as it is, of the very men who are leading him to the scaffold ; the generous satisfaction which he feels on reflecting that no confession of his has endangered his associates ; and above all his anxiety, in such moments, to perform all the duties of friendship and gratitude, not only with the most scrupulous exactness, but with the most considerate attention to the feelings as well as to the interests of the person who was the object of them.’

‘ Before he left the castle he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed, not only calmly, but even cheerfully with Mr. Charteris and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bed chamber, where, it is recorded, that he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him : upon being told that the earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man, who by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours ! Struck with the sight he hurried out of the room, quitted the castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he flung himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend who had been apprized by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, ‘ No no, that will not help me ; I have been in at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity. But as for me—.’ The name of the person to whom this anecdote relates is not mentioned, and the truth of it may therefore be fairly considered as liable to that degree of doubt with which men of judgment receive every species of traditional history. Woodrow, however, whose veracity is above suspicion, says he had it from the most unquestionable authority. It is not in itself unlikely, and who is

there that would not wish it true? What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor, in the zenith of his power, envying his victim! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue! what an affecting, and forcible testimony to the value of that peace of mind, which innocence alone can confer! We know not who this man was; but when we reflect that the guilt which agonized him was probably incurred for the sake of some vain title, or at least of some increase of wealth which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion for that very foolish class of men, whom the world call wise in their generation.'

On the scaffold Argyle exhibited that truly interesting picture of firmness and mildness, which were shown throughout his whole conduct, and were mingled in the nicest proportions in his character.

'We ought not,' said he in his speech upon the scaffold, 'to despise our afflictions nor to faint under them. We must not suffer ourselves to be exasperated against the instruments of our troubles, nor by fraudulent, nor pusillanimous compliances, bring guilt upon ourselves; faint hearts are ordinarily false hearts; choosing sin rather than suffering.'

'He embraced his friends, gave some tokens of remembrance to his son in-law, Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grand-children, stript himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents, and laid his head upon the block. Having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner, which was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body. Such were the last hours, and such the final close, of this great man's life. May the like happy serenity in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all whom tyranny, of whatever denomination or description, shall in any age, or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold!'

Mr. Fox then gives a very particular, impartial, and luminous account of the expedition, defeat and execution of Monmouth, which closes the fragment of his history. The reader, who will compare this part of his narrative with that of Mr. Hume, will perceive that Hume has condensed into a much shorter compass most of the prominent features of the story, but has omitted some important particulars which throw much light on the character of the actors, and the spirit of the times. Mr. Fox has painted with great vivacity the manner in which Monmouth was persecuted, even on the very scaffold, by the bigotry of his spiritual attendants. Instead of soothing him in his last moments,

instead of endeavouring to elevate his soul above the mournful scene around him to the contemplation of a happy futurity, they not only repeatedly but rudely and unfeelingly urged him to *acknowledge the doctrine of non-resistance to be true*, and to make other confessions about controverted points, which, at that time, were equally useless and absurd. These *pious* instructors seem to have imagined that Monmouth had no chance of eternal bliss without first expressing his assent to their *orthodox* speculations. But the unfortunate prince, without expressing any resentment at the harrassing insolence of his clerical admonishers, behaved with great firmness, serenity, and resignation in these trying moments; and, if he had manifested much inconstancy in his life, he may be said to have expiated that frailty by the placid fortitude of his death. The attempt of Monmouth was ill-timed, and badly planned; but yet we think that it would have been successful if it had been more vigorously executed. The want of decision in his councils, and of rapidity in his movements, proved the ruin of his cause.

'There is no point,' says Mr. Fox, 'in human concerns wherein the dictates of virtue and worldly prudence, are so identified as in this great question of resistance by force to an established government.'

In the attempt of Monmouth we are doubtful whether we can applaud the purity of his intentions; but we cannot certainly commend the prudence of his means. His character is drawn by Mr. Fox with his usual force of discrimination and love of truth—We must now bring this article to a close;—we shut the book with deep regret that the author did not live to finish what he had begun. The sentiments of pure, rational, unvitiated liberty, with which the present fragment glows in every page, the exalted spirit of patriotism which it inspires, when infused into his artless recital of the causes which led to the revolution, his description of the different parties who opposed or who favoured that glorious event, and his philosophic and comprehensive views of its principles and its consequences, might have served to reanimate that almost lifeless form of **PUBLIC SPIRIT**, which seems breathing its last under the pressure of exorbitant taxation, and have counteracted that indifference to the principle of liberty and that propensity to servitude, which are so prevalent in these evil times. But we trust that the genius of constitutional freedom is not for ever buried in the grave of Fox; and that the same love

of liberty, which once thrilled in his own generous bosom, is still cherished in the bosoms of his friends.

Of the present performance, the prevailing characteristic is a simplicity, which is sometimes polished into elegance, but which more often presents the natural, easy flow of a story told as the facts arose without any adventitious decorations. No flowers of rhetoric are strewn over the artless tale. If, without knowing the circumstances, we were informed that this was the work of the greatest orator of the age, we should not readily credit the assertion ; for we discern no lustre of diction, no glare of metaphor, no vivacity of allusion, no richness of colouring, no elaborate rotundity of period. It exhibits none of the artifices of oratory ; but in the delineations of character and the investigations of fact, it unites the penetrating sagacity of a critic with the reflective serenity of a philosopher and a moralist, and the generous ardour of a lover of liberty with the calm dignity of a friend to truth.

In going over the present work we had noticed several defects in the composition, in the phraseology and construction ; but when we recollect that this was a posthumous publication which had not received the last revision of the author, we were unwilling to exercise the rigid severity of criticism. Indeed, our feelings would not permit us to expose all the defects of style and manner which a person of acute discernment might descry in this sacred relique of the venerable dead.

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ART. II.—*Partenopex de Blois, a Romance, in four Cantos.*

*Freely translated from the French of M. le Grand ; with Notes : By William Stewart Rose. 4to. Longman.*

THERE are men who, in their wisdom, affect to despise the venerable fabric of fairy superstition which amused and captivated the fancies of their foolish ancestors ; but we are obliged to confess that our hearts leap within us for joy whenever, on opening the monthly pacquet destined to be the foundation of our labours, we discover a romance or a fairy tale among the contents. We anticipate the highest pleasure from the discovery ; and, though often disappointed in the full extent of our ambitious hopes, yet are always so far delighted with the mere shadow of fictions so alluring as to turn with sentiments of something more than mere in-

difference to the regular and classical routine of 'lyric,' 'didactic,' 'elegiac' and 'descriptive,' even though verses as spirited as Mr. Mant's, and as new as *Blackstone's Farewell to his Muse* are to be the reward of our labours.

Mr. Scott has been advised by one of the wise men before mentioned to abstain from wasting his time and talents on such childish subjects as the customs of feudal ages and the characters and manners of ancient chivalry. He is recommended to adopt some modern events, (the history of the Duke of York's campaigns, for instance,) as the fit employment of his *epic* muse; and doubtless may be permitted in lighter moments to exercise his *didactic* pencil in portraying the Pleasures of Hope, of Love, of Memory, or of Imagination.

Mr. Scott must, undoubtedly, be convinced by the arguments of such excellent counsellors. 'I bow with all possible submission,' he will say, 'to your superior taste and judgment. I acknowledge the folly with which you charge me. I was not, indeed, quite prepared for your attack upon my want of *nationality*, vainly imagining that I had dwelt quite long enough on the names of Ettrick, Dun-Edin, Melrose, Tweed, and Teviot, to satisfy the most bigotted of my countrymen. But I should have carried my patriotism farther; I might have made the Scottish army victorious on Flodden-field, and killed Harry the eighth himself by the hands of our bonie king Jamie. For the rest, I confess the perversion of my genius. I humbly thank Messieurs the Curate and Barber. I beg them to burn all my wicked tales of knight errantry and enchantment; and will immediately begin an epic poem on the exploits of the Highland regiment under General Abercrombie.'

Were we of Mr. Scott's cabinet council, our advice would probably be very different from that given by the sages above mentioned. We will not say it would be more palatable; since we might think ourselves obliged to remonstrate against certain vices of style which have been so long indulged by him as to become habitual. But our opinion respecting them he knows already.

On the other matters at issue, we must suppose him to be so thoroughly convinced by the arguments of his judicious friends as to render all opposition on our part vain and fruitless. But to Mr. Rose, who like him is smitten with the love of romance, we venture, notwithstanding, to recommend most earnestly perseverance in the path which he has chosen. If to delight in 'these cursed books of knight errantry' be madness, yet

'Tis sweet and pleasant so to rave,  
 'Tis an enchantment which the sense hath bound,  
 But paradise is in the enchanted ground.

We will now give some account of Mr. Rose's present performance, that our readers may be enabled to judge whether we are right in wishing for the continuance of his phrenzy.

The romance of *Partenopex* was translated by M. le Grand from a MS. poem in the library of St. Germain des Près, the production of which he ascribes to the thirteenth century. From a copy in Spanish prose, the first generally known, it was considered as of Spanish origin, till M. le Grand undertook to assert the right of his own country to its invention; and it is certainly impossible, with the lights which succeeding antiquaries have thrown on the subject, not to acquiesce completely in the justice of his conclusions.

After the most approved custom of romances, the fable opens with a simple description of spring and its influence on the mind of the poet.

'Now lusty May drops sweets in every shower,  
 And broiders o'er the fields with grass and flower,  
 And woodlands wild with lark and throstle ring,  
 And ladies in their painted chambers sing.  
 Blest with a heart at ease, and tun'd to joy,  
 Shall I in listless sloth mine hours employ?  
 No; while all nature wakes to sprightly mirth,  
 A story will I tell of mickle worth,  
 List, damsels bright in bower ! list, lordlings gay !  
 For pleasant is my tale, and wondrous sweet the lay.'

Cleomer, king of France, accompanied by his peers and by his nephew *Partenopex*, son of the Count de Blois, then 'scarce fifteen winters old,' goes a hunting in the forest of Ardennes. 'The gentle child,' being engaged in the pursuit of a wild boar, loses sight of his companions, and his horse, influenced by a spell, carries him on with unceasing speed, till he finds himself on the sea-coast.

'Twas eve; when from afar was heard the roar  
 Of hollow billows, bursting on the shore;  
 And from those wilds forth issuing on the strand,  
 He view'd a bark fast anchor'd by the land.  
 Gay was the hull, and seemly to behold;  
 The flag was sendal, purfled o'er with gold.'

What follows is similar to the adventure in the lay of Sir Gugemer, one of the fabliaux translated by Mr. Way. The child climbs the deck of the shallop and finds it empty.

' While long and sore he mus'd, a gentle gale  
Blew, rustling from the shore, and swell'd the sail,  
Self-steer'd o'er sparkling waves the vessel flew;  
The shore, receding, lessen'd from his view.  
Wo was the boy; the land might hope afford  
To him who back'd a steed, and grasp'd a sword;  
Alone upon the deep, what power could friend,  
What skill direct him, or what force defend ? '.

He falls into an enchanted sleep; and, on waking, finds himself securely harboured beneath the walls of a most magnificent castle, the description of which follows, and is in the true style of the romantic picturesque. After passing on from court to court, and admiring all the rarities by which he is surrounded, Partenopex at last enters a hall where a rich repast is spread, but not a soul to partake of it, not even a priest to bless the meat. While he hesitates, an invisible minstrel sings to the touch of an invisible harp, and bids him indulge without restraint in all the pleasures prepared for him.

' The costly banquet done, the sightless crew  
That serv'd him at the board, with lights withdrew;  
Thence pass'd into a bower, where stood a bed,  
With milk-white furs of Alexandria spread:  
Beneath, a richly broidered vallance hung;  
The pillows were of silk; o'er all was flung  
A rare wrought coverlet of phœnix plumes,  
Which breath'd, as warm with life, its rich perfumes.  
Here the quaint elves the wondering child undrest,  
And on the snow-white ermine laid to rest.  
' This done, the tapers sunk, low creak'd the door,  
And a soft foot-fall sounded on the floor.  
MELIOR, in sooth, it was; the sovereign fay,  
The wardress of that keep and garden gay.  
She on the bed her dainty limbs down laid,  
Then started, and, as one affrighted, said:  
' Hence, whosoe'er ! hence ! or my knights I call,  
And yield thee to their swords an helpless thrall.'

Partenopex, however, soon finds means to dispel the affected alarm of his invisible paramour. They pass the night together, much to their mutual satisfaction; but, on wak-

ing, the amorous prince begins to express his desire of seeing the charms which he had possessed.

'To him that damsel boon : — Thy wish forego,  
Sad fountain, if indulg'd of shame and woe.  
Yet more ; thou here, until a spell be done,  
Unseen of living wight, must make thy won ;  
But not depriv'd of fitting pastimes, live ;  
Share whatsoever joys mine art can give.  
Say, do the crystal streams, or woods delight ?  
Falcons and tiercelets I new for flight.  
And at thy morrow's rising thou shalt find  
A wondrous horn ; the fairy bugle wind ;  
My hounds shall hear the call ; to merrier cry  
Did never shaggy holt, or hill reply.  
Melior, unseen, each new desire shall aid ;  
Frame but the wish, and find that wish obey'd.'

She proceeds to inform him that two years is the time necessary for his probation, after which she will be revealed to him in her real form and present him to all the barons and knights of her extensive dominions as their sovereign.

Partenopex finds no reason to be displeased with his captivity. Every day he passes in some new diversion of the woods and fields, and every night reposes in the arms of his enamoured fairy, whose accomplishments are thus described.

'A parlous wit she had ; and could of lore,  
And eke of ancient tales, a countless store.  
And oft sage rules and precepts would she deal,  
Such as might well his youthful bosom steel  
'Gainst vicious lures ; and still, her rede betwixt,  
Ensamples of recorded virtue mixt.  
Nor charm'd the damsel less, when, boon and gay,  
More lightsome Phantasy did bear the sway.  
Tender or free, in smiles or gladness drest,  
The reigning humour seem'd to grace her best.  
And still, whate'er the theme, so soft, so clear,  
Her gentle accents sounded on his ear,  
That, of all gifts the lovely dame might boast,  
Perchance this sweet perfection lik'd him most.

Here the poet is called off by the remembrance of his own lady's attractions, a circumstance which, as it frequently occurs and produces a very pleasing effect, we will notice in Mr. Rose's own words.

'I have retained a peculiarity in the French, which I thought promised to give some little relief and animation to the narrative. The *Trouveur* is himself cast in love, and whenever he touches a kindred chord, breaks forth into an effusion on his own melancholy condition. As there is, however, a sameness in these, I have sought to diversify them with some variety of sentiment; generally returning to the supposed case of the poet, as a sort of key-note, which uniformly serves to close these rhapsodies in the original.'

The poet proceeds—

'In this I blame him not: of every grace  
 That tricks my love, 'bove dainty form or face,  
 That which doth most my captive soul rejoice,  
 Is the sweet music of her thrilling voice.  
 But worser plight is mine; predoom'd, in vain  
 To chase a fleeting good that mocks my pain.  
 His mistress did prevent his every thought,  
 Mine floats my love-sick phantasy to nought.  
 If in his cup some bitter drops were thrown,  
 My draught is brew'd with noxious drugs alone.'

Partenopex, notwithstanding his good fortune, begins at last to grow tired of his confinement; and his lovely say, anticipating every wish of his heart, sends him back in the same enchanted bark to his native country with a promise of his speedy return, and furnishes him with treasures and forces sufficient to free the realm of France from the incursions of the *Northmen* who had long ravaged and oppressed it. Here, though he reveals to no one the secret of his long absence, his mother sagaciously suspects the devil to be at the bottom of it in the shape of a beautiful woman; and, with a view to free him from the enchantment by the powerful impulse of an earthly love, furnishes her niece with a potion by the force of which she has no doubt of being able to change the bent of his inclinations.

'It chanc'd the count (to make my story short)  
 Lit from his steed, foredone with woodland sport.  
 Him the boon damsel met, and fair besought  
 'He would assay the drink herself had wrought;  
 And ween'd that he should find that beverage sweet  
 A sovereign remedy for inward heat.'  
 Rare wonder! scantily might he sip the bowl,  
 Ere a strange fancy fired his alter'd soul;  
 He prints her burning cheeks with many a kiss,  
 Styles her his liege, his love, his sovereign bliss!'

And 'be these herbs,' she cried, 'twice, trebly blest  
 That blot the accus'd Melior from thy breast.'  
 She spake ; and, at the name, like one aghast  
 He stared ; the charm was broke, the witchery past.  
 'He leaps upon his courser, plies the gore,  
 And flies as shame or sorrow dogg'd him sore.  
 And now the stripling gain'd Loire's flowery side,  
 And saw the fairy ship at anchor ride ;  
 Breathless he climbs the deck ; a favouring breeze  
 Springs, and the shallop darts across the seas.'

\*There is certainly exquisite beauty,' says Mr. Rose, 'in this incident. The name of the beloved object alone is sufficient to recall the perverted affections and triumph over all the mysterious energies of magic.'

He cites the romance of Sir Gerard de Nevers in Tressau's *Corps d' Extraits*, for a parallel circumstance, and adds, that one very similar is also to be found in 'Sir Tristrem.'

The forgiving fairy receives her lover with a fond embrace and they renew for a time all the delights of their former intercourse. But the restless Partenopex cannot persuade himself from the memory of past dangers to lead the remainder of the term of his probation in quiet at Melior's court. He again implores leave to visit his country and friends ; and she, much more reluctantly than before again grants it. Meanwhile his mother, frames a device similar to that with which the unhappy Psyche was deceived by her jealous sisters. She gives her son a magic lamp, of power to break the invisible charm by which Melior is defended, instructs him to use it aright, and sends him back with her benediction to the land of Faërie.

'Again his feet the fairy palace tread ;  
 Again with costly cates the board is spread.  
 Now half-repentant of his purpos'd deed,  
 Now trembling at the priest's remember'd rede,  
 He to the nuptial chamber bends his way,  
 And, couch'd within her bow'r, expects the fay.  
 'Alas ! and she was witless, woe the while !  
 Of the false child's premeditated guile.  
 He, while the damsel to his bosom grew,  
 Rais'd with his better hand the lamp to view.  
 Struck with the beauties of a matchless face,  
 A masterpiece of loveliness and grace,  
 Back starts the boy, and, as he moves, the blaze  
 O'er her fair limbs and lovely figure plays.  
 Dishevelled, all about her tresses hung,  
 And on each charm a softening shadow flung.

Meanwhile her eyes were closed, and not a streak  
Of faint carnation-ting'd her faded cheek;  
But bitterly she sobb'd, and frequent rose  
Her bosom, as convulsed with cruel throes.

‘ He with one arm her body did embrace,  
And gaz'd in silent anguish on her face.  
She hung upon that arm, like to a flower  
Half cropt, or overcharg'd with summer show'r;  
Then loud he call'd upon her name, and press'd  
The lifeless burden to his throbbing breast.  
Long fruitless was the pain, till with a sigh  
She heavily 'gan ope each drooping eye,  
And, for a little season, strove for breath,  
Then sunk again, entranc'd in seeming death.

‘ Again the boy his frantic plaint renew'd,  
And to her lips of faded coral glu'd  
His mouth, as he believ'd each kiss had might  
To breathe new life, or catch her fleeting sprite.’

Melior recovers from her swoon but awakes only to rage and indignation. Her sister Uraqua, moved by the gentleness of her nature and perhaps by a more tender feeling, intercedes for the unhappy Partenope in vain. The fairy abandons him to his fate, and all that his generous friend can do is to contrive the means of withdrawing him in security from the court, where, deprived of the aid of enchantment he is near falling a sacrifice to the resentment of the nobles. They escape to the harbour where they find a bark ready to sail, and the charitable Uraqua, loath to abandon him to his desperate imagination, becomes the companion of his voyage. The melancholy which oppresses him on taking a last farewell of scenes where he had been so happy is painted with much nature and feeling.

‘ Upon the poop the County took his stand,  
And gaz'd in silent anguish, on the land,  
By slow degrees still lessening from his sight  
Till the dim scene was lost in shadowy night.  
Then on the deck his fever'd limbs he strews,  
Regardless of the cold and sickly dews.  
Straightway, there is such heaviness in woe,  
He slumber'd: but cold comfort thence did grow;  
For fancy brought the past again to view,  
With circumstance of sorrow, strange and new.  
Next (for that mimic, as she still doth ply  
Her random task with ever-roving eye,  
Will often mar her web, then quickly piece,  
With diverse dye, the party-colour'd fleece,)’

He with his lief on mossy bank did sit,  
 In converse sweet and interchange of wit,  
 And it bethought him she, in amorous play,  
 His head upon her dainty lap did lay ;  
 While music from about and underneath,  
 Such as earth knows not, did around them breathe.  
 He wak'd, and noise was none, save of the tide,  
 Soft rippling as the barque did onward glide,  
 And of the creaking yards, which grated slow,  
 With melancholy murmur to and fro.

‘ I not misrate the measure of his woes,  
 Who from his love a cheerless outcast goes ;  
 Yet him kind nature's varied sweets some deal  
 From that his soul-consuming care may steal  
 The breeze, the bud, fresh-bursting into life,  
 The rivulet, with its pebbly banks at strife,  
 All, all, may to some sense, some charm convey,  
 And soothe awhile the wanderer on his way.  
 And when the garish lamp of day is out.  
 And the blue vault is set with stars about,  
 And pensive Philomel, that in the light  
 Sat mute, repeats her *Salve* to the night,  
 In rich and changeful descant,—though he borrow  
 Plaint of her plaint, and sorrow of her sorrow,  
 That vent of grief shall bring its own delight,  
 And soothe to softer tone his tortur'd sprite.

‘ ’Tis ill to chuse betwixt : yet sorer pain  
 Is his, who, love-lorn, ploughs the watry main.—  
 The discord of the mutinous waves and wind  
 Shall speak no comfort to his troubled mind :  
 But he, as he still views on every side  
 The world of trembling waters, drear and wide,  
 Shall needs lament as one who cannot miss,  
 To think what gulph there is ’twixt him and bliss.’

They land, and his kind guardian, after embracing and bidding him farewell, dismisses him on his road to Blois, and returns alone to the court of her sister. On his arrival at his native place, all his friends and relations deplore his altered air ; and his mother, who is conscious to herself of the cause, endeavours in vain to soothe and comfort him. Partenopex upbraids her with the misery to which he is reduced, and in the transports of his phrensy, hardly abstains from reviling his sovereign mistress, which gives occasion to the poet to break out into a truly chivalrous apostrophe.

‘ Ah ! well was he that he forebore to blame !  
 Misfortune be his lot and wordly shame,

Nor, dying let him taste of heavenly bliss,  
Whoe'er of dame or damsel speaks amiss,' &c. &c.

For a twelvemonth Partenopez confines himself to his chamber, living on the most coarse and scanty fare, and abandoned to grief. At length he is persuaded by a page to seek relief in travelling. He mounts his horse, quits Blois by night, and, accompanied only by his adviser, penetrates the recesses of Ardennes forest. There he forms the desperate resolution of giving himself up a prey to the wild beasts which haunt the wood. He leaves his page asleep on the ground and rides onward alone into the most savage parts of the forest. A tyger rushes from a thicket as if to devour him, and Partenopez coolly expects his fate, but is strangely disappointed when, instead of attacking him,

'The sullen beast, with half-averted eye,  
Glar'd fiercely on the child and passed him by.'

Imagining that his horse might deter the animal, he alights; and the tyger immediately rushes, not on the rider but his beast, who, wildly shrieking with affright, flies and is pursued by the savage assailant. The flying horse never stops in his career till he reaches the sea shore where a bark is just come to land, having Uraqua herself, and a reverend usher, her companion, on board. The horse most fortunately leads to the discovery of his wretched master. Uraqua persuades him to give up his dreadful purpose, and carries him with her to Salence; which, it seems, is a fief of her own, situated in the dominions of her sister.

Here the wretched state to which Partenopez is reduced by his despair, requires all the aid of medicine, in which his fair hostess is very expert; but it very naturally happens that, in curing her patient, the physician herself should imbibe a portion of his malady.

'Haply this leech, while so she proves her skill,  
Might catch some portion of her patient's ill.  
To waste with such a youth, aye side by side,  
In fellowship of feast, noon's jocund tide;  
From the same dish to feed, from the same cup,  
In sweet exchange, the rosy wine to sup;  
And still, when nature, prank'd in trim attire,  
Through air and earth and flood breathes new desire,  
And the small fowl, they cannot choose but sing,  
Through lustyhood of heart, and joy of spring;  
With such a boy to sport in greenwood shade  
—'Twere perilous, in sooth, to culdest maid.'

Partenopex, unconscious of the harm he has done, requests his hostess to intercede for him again with his offended fay ; and Uraqua, with a generosity of which even romance furnishes but few examples, undertakes his cause, and serves him in it with firm and unshaken fidelity. The relentless Melior, however, continues inexorable. Partenopex grows restless and uneasy at the delay of his hostess, when a messenger arrives from her declaring the ill-success of her negotiations, but recommending him, as a last resource, to arm himself and repair, incognito, to a magnificent tournament about to be given in honour of Melior on her coming of age.

On his way he overtakes a knight named Sir Gaudwin, who exhibits a very strong and natural picture of the rude age of chivalry when the mixture of courage, rapacity, and generosity, made up the true and leading feature of the baronial character. It is the same character which Mr. Scott has pourtrayed with an accuracy and force of description peculiar to himself in his *Lord Marmion*. None but a very vulgar or ignorant mind can doubt the perfect consistency with which he is made to sacrifice the unfortunate Constance to his covetousness of Clara's wide possessions, and, having the same object in view, to adopt the device of forged letters in order to get rid of his rival.

In the midst of our admiration for the virtues of chivalry, we must recollect that, generally speaking, they were raised upon a weak and rotten foundation ; that, during the feudal ages, the most fervent *piety* commonly rested on *ignorance*, and the most refined *gallantry* on an imaginary and absurd estimate of female perfection ; that even *courage* and *generosity* were oftener constitutional qualities guided by a blind impulse than the result of reflection, operating on any rational principles. That extraordinary system of manners, so delightful to fancy, and so goodly when contemplated at a distance, will not by any means bear the close inspection of truth and judgment. It was a system which admitted the closest conjunction of the extremes of vice and virtue, and reconciled the most apparently contradictory qualities of human nature.

Lord Marmion was proud, magnificent, valiant, and generous, according to the taste and spirit of the times. But covetousness was his prevailing passion, (perhaps, it would not be much amiss to style it the characteristic vice of all semi-barbarous ages) and he possesses no one principle strong enough to oppose its influence.

History furnishes us with many examples of knights who, like Sir Gaudwin, frequented tournaments, &c. *only for what they might get*; and that without any disparagement to their general character.

' So riding, they o'ertake an errant knight,  
 Well hors'd and large of limb, Sir Gaudwin hight.  
 He nor of castle, nor of land, was lord;  
 Houseless, he reap'd the harvest of his sword:  
 And now, not more on fame than profit bent,  
 Rode with blythe heart unto the tournament.  
 For cowardice—he held it deadly sin;  
 And sure his mind and bearing were akin,  
 The face an index to the soul within.  
 It seem'd that he (such pomp his train bewray'd)  
 Had shap'd a goodly fortune by his blade.  
 His knaves were point device, in livery dight,  
 With sumpter nags, and tents for shelter in the night.  
 He, for he saw the boy was ill bested,  
 Proffer'd fair harbourage of board and bed;  
 And, 'mid their social cups, soon learn'd the scope  
 Of his mischances past, and present hope.  
 For wine unlocks the heart, and sooth to say,  
 Quick friendship springs from fellowship of way.'

The description of Chedore, the royal seat of the fairy, and of the preparations for the tournament, which immediately follows, is very picturesque.

' It was the second noon, and far before,  
 Rose to their view the ramparts of Chedore.  
 And now so nigh they came, that they might see  
 The walls and windows throng'd with bravery.  
 The sea was on the castle's further side,  
 And loud upon the shingle lash'd the tide;  
 There gilded shallop rode, with silken sail,  
 With mariners, and shout of 'how and hail!'  
 Upon the spacious field, without the gates,  
 Camp'd feudatory lords and great estates.  
 Here lusty gallants prick'd across the plain;  
 There brawling gamesters threw the merry main;  
 Here their quaint art the shifting jugglers ply,  
 And there in frolic strife the jesters vie.  
 Still from the crowd a busy hum upwent,  
 Loud laughter, and the sound of merriment;  
 Shrill minstrels pipe, and barded coursers neigh,  
 Drums thunder, trumpets flourish, ban-dogs bay.'

The conclusion of this interesting tale will be easily anticipated by our readers. Having been so profuse in our ex-  
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tracts from the former parts of the work, we will forbear entering at all into the particulars of the fourth and last canto, which possesses sufficient charms to detain us much longer than is consistent with our duty. Some of these charms are indeed of a nature which may possibly give occasion to some critics of recurring to a very favourite comparison, the justness of which we are unable fully to appreciate. But we shall not hesitate in declaring our opinion that, although Mr. Rose has been very minute in many of his descriptions, particularly in the toilette and wardrobe of the fairy Melior, he had no works of the Chinese masters before his eyes when he drew his pictures.

It will be concluded that Partenopex by his unrivalled valour recovers the heart and obtains the hand of his no longer invisible mistress, and is welcomed by all her subjects as their sovereign with shouts of joy and triumph. It is with no less pleasure that we learn of Urraqua's having conquered her unfortunate passion and bestowed her hand on Sir Gaudwin, who is a very honest fellow, notwithstanding his love of something more substantial than glory.

We have given our readers so ample a power of judging for themselves of Mr. Rose's general merits, that we may spare ourselves the superfluous task of commenting upon the specimens before their eyes. Still less shall we attempt to institute a comparison between him and his friend Mr. Scott, which, in the present instance, would be particularly invidious, since the one is an original poet, while the other (though not without his claims to originality) assumes only the humbler dress and air of a poetical translator. The most striking peculiarity in the work is the mixture of antique and obsolete phraseology with modern versification, which we are unable, in *toto*, either to approve or condemn. In some respects it stamps a form and character on the poem which we do not wish to have softened away into present elegance and refinement. There is an idiom appertaining to romance, of which, when it is divested, it loses every individual mark of distinction. Yet, on the other hand, there are numerous instances where we are not pleased with the quaintness, so much as, disgusted by the affectation with which it is introduced. All we can say is that the peculiarity ought not to be rejected, but that it must be used with great judgment not to become offensive; and that it is necessary for the critic to be possessed of at least an equal share of caution with the poet, not to condemn too rashly where it is extremely difficult to hold the balance even between defect and beauty.

We have had too many reasons lately for decrying the book-selling art of annotation so unmercifully used by modern poets. But we are not at all inclined to rank Mr. Rose among the objects of our wrath as participating in the vice of the times. His notes do not bear any extravagant disproportion to the text. Many of them are very amusing, some very instructive, and all tend to illustrate the romance of which they are appendages. We were particularly pleased with those on hunting, on the amours of fairies, on military services, the mysteries of woods and rivers, the seven secrets of art, and the introduction of 'the art magic' out of the east into Europe.

Neither are we at all displeased with the accidental delay of publication which gave Mr. Rose time to write his ballad on the death of William Rufus which possesses considerable merit in itself, but still more as having given occasion to a very interesting dissertation on the New Forest in Hampshire, in which Mr. Rose, with a laudable perseverance of examination and research, has brought together proofs, in our opinion sufficiently convincing, of the reality of that merciless depopulation by the Conqueror; which all our later historians have doubted and some affected to ridicule as an absurdity utterly unworthy of belief or even of serious refutation.

We ought not, however, to close the work without giving the due share of praise to Mr. Smirke for the very elegant and appropriate designs with which he has contributed to embellish it; nor should we omit to mention that Ballantyne has displayed all the skill of which he is so eminently possessed to render it one of the most attractive volumes in its external appearance that we have ever beheld. Notwithstanding these superior charms, we shall not be at all sorry to welcome our friend Partenopex hereafter in an every-day suit.

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ART. III.—*A History of the Island of St. Helena, from its Discovery by the Portuguese, to the Year 1806, to which is added an Appendix. Dedicated by Permission, to the Honourable the Court of Directors for Affairs of the United English East India Company. By T. H. Brooke, Secretary to the Government of St. Helena. 8vo. Black and Parry. 1808.*

ST. Helena forms so trifling a part of the British empire, that a satisfactory history of it, as it seems to us, might have

been comprised in nearly as few words as the following ; viz. that it was first discovered by the Portuguese, in the year 1501, who peopled and retained it for about a century, when they either relinquished it as an useless possession, or were forcibly expelled by the Dutch. The latter in their turn made room for the English, in the year 1651, who have kept possession of it ever since, and found it of great advantage as a place of refreshment for their merchant ships returning from India. A list of the governors who have been successively appointed to administer its little affairs, and some petty disturbances that occasionally have taken place among its few hundreds of inhabitants, can surely be interesting to none. And although some of those who have visited the island, may have expressed a desire (as the author in his preface assures us) to have some further information respecting it than is to be found in the accounts that have hitherto been published, we can hardly think their curiosity will be more fully gratified by the present performance, as the body of the work consists of the dry details above mentioned, and of a still more dry appendix, being transcripts of the several charters which have been granted by the crown to the East India company, while thirty pages alone are devoted to the soil, climate, natural history, productions and inhabitants of the island. To these we shall confine our attention, and after a short survey of them, dismiss the work, which upon the whole as we can by no means consider as a valuable addition to our stock of travels, or of history, for it may come under either one or the other description.

‘The island of St. Helena, is situated in  $15^{\circ} 55'$  south latitude, and  $5^{\circ} 49'$  west longitude from Greenwich. It lies within the limit of the south-east trade wind, and is distant 400 leagues from the coast of Africa, the nearest continent. The extreme length of the island is  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles, its breadth  $6\frac{1}{2}$ , its circumference about 28 miles, and its surface in acres, 30,300.’

The atmosphere is remarkably mild and favourable to the constitution of man. The instances are surprizing of the rapidity with which those who have for months been afflicted with the sea scurvy, in its worst state, have recovered their health on landing at St. Helena. Nor is the climate less favourable to vegetable productions, and the fruits and trees of the most opposite climes are here found to arrive at perfection. The pine of the north, the mimosa of New South Wales, and the bamboo of India, flourish with equal luxuriance. There are also several indigenous timber trees of considerable value. The vallies near the sea are adapted to fruits of

the more delicate kind, as vines, figs, oranges, lemons, guavas, peaches, plantains, and bananoes. Some of the more hardy ones, as cherries, have been tried without success. Gooseberry and currant trees, turn to ever-greens, and do not bear fruit. The island however cannot be said to be possessed of general fertility, the mountainous districts which form the greatest portion, are a barren and reluctant waste. Yams, potatoes, pulse, and the other ordinary vegetables of Europe, are produced in sufficient abundance to supply the East India ships which touch at the island, in the greatest profusion. These are annually, on the average, one hundred and sixty-five in number.

Cattle and sheep are less abundant. The extra consumption of them by the East Indiamen, is so great as to render living at St. Helena, upon the whole, extremely dear, as will be seen from the following statement of the prices of the principal necessaries in the year 1805.

- Mutton, from 14d. to 18d. per pound.
- Pork, from 18d. to 20d. per pound.
- Grown fowls, from 9s. to 12s. each.
- Turkeys from 30s. to 40s. each.
- Geese, 25s. to 30s. each.
- Ducks, 10s. to 12s. each.
- Potatoes, 8s. to 10s. per bushel.
- Milk 4d. to 6d. per quart.
- Eggs, 5s. per dozen.

The exorbitance of these rates, is in some measure, however, compensated by the cheapness of fish, of which there is a very great variety, including turtle and others of a very delicate nature, and which sell on an average for 4d. or 5d. per pound.

Experiments have been made at different times to ascertain the resources and capability of the island shortly after its first settlement.

Indigo, cotton, sugar canes and vines were introduced. Rum, sugar, wine, and brandy, were brought to some degree of perfection, and at a more recent period, crops of barley and other grain were raised at Long-wood, which were subsequently found not to answer. The intrinsic value of St. Helena, consisting in its local situation, as a place of refreshment and rendezvous for the homeward-bound ships from India, the attention of the court of directors has been confined to the objects which most conduced to that important purpose. On this ground even the cultivation of corn has been deemed of less consequence, than that every acre should be appropriated to raising live stock, roots, and culinary vegetables. As the island on this account cannot be devoted to commercial produce, its profits or revenues must con-

sequently be very small, and its annual expense to the proprietors considerable. The returns which it makes for this expenditure, apply to the accomodation and the security of the company's commerce, against the hazards of the sea, and the hostilities of an enemy.'

The population of St. Helena, by the registered returns of 1805, appeared to consist of 504 white inhabitants, 1560 blacks, of whom 329 were free, making a total of 2064, exclusive of the garrison, and civil establishment of the company.

The East India company are lords proprietors of the island, with powers of sovereignty and legislation. The supreme executive authority is vested in the governor, and a council composed of a lieutenant governor and senior civil servant. The military force consists of one regiment of infantry, five companies of militia, and a corps of artillery.

It has been before observed that provisions of most kinds are dear at St. Helena. House-rent also is extremely high, and the price of labor exorbitant. The inhabitants, shut out so completely from the rest of the world, lead a confined and uniform life. But these inconveniences are counterbalanced by the extreme salubrity of the climate, and some other advantages, which upon the whole, perhaps, put their comforts on a level with those of the rest of mankind, and are an additional proof of the general rule, that Providence has made an equal distribution of happiness.

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**ART. IV.—*Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres, including general Observations on the Practice and Genius of the Stage, by the Author of the Theatrical Criticisms in the weekly Paper called the News.* 12mo. 8s.**  
Hunt, Bridges Street, Strand.

SOME of these Essays evince solidity of judgment and delicacy of discrimination; the remarks on several of the first performers are candid, ingenious, and acute. The author displays an unvitiated taste and much knowledge of what is called stage effect. His observations are divested of that fondness for foreign manners and frippery and nonsense which has so long disgraced our theatres; his notions are truly English, and evince that genuine good sense which once seemed a native of the soil. Among the different performers who are here criticized, are Mr. Kemble and his sister Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Bannister, Lewis, Munden, Faw-

cel, and Mr. Charles Kemble, Mr. Liston, Emery, Downton, and Matthews, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. H. Siddons, and Miss Duncan, &c. &c. The above mentioned we think by far the best and most deserving of attention. The critique on Mr. Kemble must strike every one as very judicious, and characteristically descriptive of the actor and the man. As long as Mr. Hunt keeps within his proper sphere of simple language and plain good sense he commands our attention and we listen to him with delight; but his attempts at sprightliness and wit are not very successful. When he tells us that his majesty of Naples used to smoke with his Lazzaroni, fish with his fishermen, and sell the produce of his labours; that George II. loved to kick his ministers, and Charles XII. of Sweden combed his hair with his fingers;—however true all this may be, the recital brings with it no conviction of what he wants to impress; and the simile which he presents is no simile at all, or so enveloped in dissimilarity that it would take too much of our time to penetrate the faint traces of resemblance even were we at all likely to comprehend it at last.

We agree with Mr. Hunt, that the great fault of most of our best actors, is the playing to that part of the audience who have really neither a particle of taste nor of judgment: rant and bombast are with them very fine tragic acting, and buffoonery and grimace vastly funny and clever, though the former are not the true province of the tragic, nor the latter of the comic art. Our stage has so lamentably fallen from the respectable eminence which it had attained, that instead of saying we are going to see a play, we should say we are going to see any thing except a play; for what are now so called are nothing more nor less than broad farce or sing-song nonsense. Mr. Kemble has much merit in bringing forward, when he can, those excellent stock-plays, from which the sensible part of his audience and the true lovers of the drama may not only derive amusement, but instruction. But whatever merit Mr. K. may have in endeavouring to regulate or restore the good taste for theatrical representation, he spoils all by his presumptuous conceits and his new readings of our best authors and particularly our immortal bard. What man of good sense and uninitiated taste can refrain his indignation at hearing Mr. K.'s pronunciation of the most plain words in the English language? Mr. Hunt criticizes Mr. Kemble's performances with much sagacity and force; he depicts his merits and demerits with no ordinary felicity. If Mr. K. would pay some little attention to these useful hints he would render

his present good acting most excellent ; but as Mr. K. seems, like most other people, to be on extremely good *terms with himself*, we fear that the salutary councils of the critic will be spent in vain.

In the critique of Mr. H. on Mrs. Siddons we perfectly agree, she is in the true sense of the word an excellent actress ; she feels the part which she performs ; and of course she makes her audience sympathize in the scene. Her actions are appropriate ; well suited to her words ; graceful and majestic ; her countenance is marked and noble ; affected and impassioned. Mr. Hunt points out among her most excellent representations,

‘ The bewildered melancholy of lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, the widow’s mute stare of perfected misery by the corpse of the gamester *Beverly*, two of the sublimest pieces of acting on the English stage.’

He says and with truth that

‘ Mrs. Siddons has the air of never being the actress ; she seems unconscious that there is a motley crowd called a pit waiting to applaud her, or that there are a dozen fiddlers waiting for her exit.’

Mr. Hunt observes that

‘ If Mrs. S. has not every single requisite to a perfect tragedian, it is the amatory pathetic: in the despair of *Belvidera*, for instance, she rises to sublimity, but in the tenderness of *Belvidera* she preserves too stately and self-subdued an air : she can overpower, astonish, afflict, but she cannot win : her commanding features seem to disregard love as a trifle to which they cannot descend.’

We agree with Mr. H. that Mrs. Siddons in every other character unites all the excellences which are necessary to produce the intended effect of representation. Her actions have the carelessness, the ease, and the impulse of the moment, it is the intuition of genius not the toil of study ; there is no stiff minuteness, no affectation, no clipping and chopping of words, all is smooth, ‘ warm, energetic, chaste, sublime.’ We have been told and on good authority, that Garrick discouraged Mrs. Siddons from attempting the stage, assuring her that she was unequal to support any great character saying at the same time that she was mere *milk and water* ; but one of the managers of the Bath stage, we believe Diamond, was a better prophet, and pronounced in the hearing of several persons and at the rooms at Bath, after a very unsuccessful season of her performance at his theatre, that

Mrs. Siddons would eventually become one of the most perfect actresses that ever graced an English stage. And such does Mrs. Siddons prove. In enumerating Mr. Bannister's qualifications as a comic actor, Mr. H. ascribes the highest merit to that most admirable performer. His *Acres in the Rivals*, his *Marplot in the Busy Body*, his *Lissardo*, and his *Young Philpot* are so well known, and so properly appreciated by the world, that little else can be said than that nothing can be more natural. Mr. H. observes that

‘Mr. Bannister in comic character is always animated, is always natural, except when he assumes the lively *gentleman*. His *Mercutio* is not gay but *jolly*; it exhibits, not the elegant vivacity of the *gentleman*, but the boisterous mirth of the *honest fellow*: the audience immediately think themselves on a level with him, and this familiar sensation is always a proof that the *gentleman* is absent.’

We cannot at all subscribe to this assertion; nor do we see the truth of the observation; that *Mercutio* is a nobleman and a lively spirited man we agree; but at the same time, there is in him a bluntness and love of mirth that border very near on jollity and fun; and yet the *gentleman* remains. Mr. Bannister is most happy in his character of a sailor, rough, good natured, and pleasant: his smile is open, his walk free and careless, his voice sincere, and attests the honesty which you see displayed in his countenance. His *Walter*, in the *Children in the Wood*, is not to be forgotten, and the recollection must ever delight. In the character of *Feignwell* in *A bold Stroke for a Wife*, Mr. Hunt gives him every praise, and says it is ‘enough to stamp him as one of the greatest and most versatile comedians.’ Our limits will not permit us to expatiate on the numerous excellencies of this comic actor; he is a great and deserved favourite with the public; he has well earned the laurels which public favour has bestowed; and we hope that he will long live to enjoy the merited applause which he has for so many years experienced.

Mr. Hunt's observations on Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Duncan, &c. are extremely just; he places Mrs. Jordan under the head of comedy, and very properly, though she sometimes appears with less success in tragedy. She certainly excels in *Ophelia*; and he observes that in the former,

‘Nothing can be more natural, or pathetic than the complacent tones and busy good nature of Mrs. Jordan in the derangement of

Ophelia ; her little bewildered songs in particular, like all her songs indeed, pierce to our feelings with a most original simplicity.

' The immediate felicity of Mrs Jordan's style consists perhaps in that great excellence of Mr. Bannister, which I have called heartiness ; but as the manner of this feeling is naturally softened in a female, it becomes a charming openness mingled with the most artless vivacity. In characters that require this expression, Mrs. Jordan seems to speak with all her soul ; her voice, pregnant with melody, delights the ear with a peculiar and exquisite fulness, and with an emphasis that appears the result of perfect conviction ; yet this conviction is the effect of a sensibility willing to be convinced rather than of a judgment weighing it's reasons ; her heart always precedes her speech, which follows with the readiest and happiest acquiescence.'

The rest of Mr. H.'s observations are equally good ; he attributes the inability of Mrs. Jordan to catching the elegant delicacy of the *lady*, to her perpetually representing the *other sex*. This is a vile and abominable custom on our stage ; and we join most heartily in condemning a usage which so much disgraces the female character. Mr. H. however, pronounces her, as every one must, the first actress of the day. Mrs. H. Siddons comes in for a proper share of approbation, as *an actress*, and what is more honorable, a *modest woman*.

' A modest female,' says Mr. H., ' is beneath no dignity of allusion or of language ; and after admiring all the sweetness and the feeling of Mrs. H. Siddons, I find nothing so delightful as the chastity of her demeanour. One would think, that a sensible actress would cultivate this modesty if it were merely for its theoretic rarity. When Mrs. Jordan plays *Rosalind*, you are amused with her archness, her vivacity, her carelessness, and you admire the shape of her leg : the Rosalind of Mrs. H. Siddons, interests you with a chastened feeling, you love the very awkwardness with which she wears her male attire, and you are even better pleased with her shape because you are left to fancy it. If the sight is more accurate in likenesses, fancy is a better painter of things to be liked. When the generality of actresses are representing the objects of a man's attachment, their broadness of demeanour produces in the beholders a kind of silent disagreement with the hero's choice, that deranges their satisfaction : his compliments become false, his ardour unwarrantable, his sorrows ridiculous ; but a modest actress like Mrs. H. Siddons, reconciles this inconsistency : love resumes it's respectability, and with it's respectability the acquiescence of the audience.'

Mr. H. pursues his thoughts on the unbecoming appearance of male attire in his essay on Miss Duncan, who seems

to have imbibed an increased love for displaying her person in *coat, waistcoat, and breeches*. Unlike other ladies of the stage, who give as little to the public eye as possible, he accuses this respectable lady (for such in her private character he allows her to be,) of wearing

‘Tight waistcoats that imprison the waist merely to give greater freedom to the chest, white silk stockings that make the leg want nothing but a pedestal to fix it for the eye of the connoisseur, and tight breeches through which Mr. Sheldon might read a lecture on the Sartorian muscles.’

In his admiration of Miss Duncan as an actress and a respectable female, he reminds her that to

‘Strut about in all the insolence of a military coxcomb, to slap the jovial fellows on their backs, to rap out oaths with a twang, and to imitate drunken lobby-loungers, is not the surest way to preserve either her own delicacy or the respect of others. She may become a very gay sort of something like a man, but she must forget herself first; and in proportion as she does this, she will forget something very ingenious and very pleasing.’

We recommend these considerations to the fair sex in general, who, though they do not actually all wear male attire, wear so little of the female habiliments, as to make us suspect that they have forgotten that modesty is a jewel of great price; and more to be admired and higher to be esteemed than the most beautiful face or the finest figure in the world. Upon the whole, these essays are sensible, ingenious, and amusing; and the instructions which they contain, the merits which they extol, and the defects which they censure, constitute a dramatic monitor, whose wholesome counsels we earnestly recommend to the male and female performers of the English stage.

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ART. V.—*Hints to the Public and the Legislature on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching.* By a Barrister. Part the Second. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Johnson. 1808.

WE are happy to renew our acquaintance with the Barrister. We were much gratified by the perusal of his first performance, and we have perused the present with increased delight. There is more correctness, more splendour and more force in the composition. The arguments are solid and the remarks are acute; the theology is rational and the morality is pure. The evil, which the Barrister is endea-

vouring along with other good men to counteract is one of no common magnitude. Indeed it is so great, and the effects so various and complicated, that it is difficult to calculate the extent of the danger, or the enormity of the mischief.

The primary tendency of what is called *methodism* is to convert the doctrine which Christ taught, by a dexterous perversion of the sense, into the most potent engine of depravity. By the aid of that noxious matter which they extract from their favourite tenets of *hereditary guilt*, *vicarious punishment* and *imputed righteousness*, the anti-moral preachers form a sort of magic talisman, which relaxes the hold of every moral obligation on the heart. With this efficacious antidote to remorse, and this supposed preventive of punishment, the disciple of Whitfield and of Westley marches fearlessly forth into the world, and cares not what duty of truth, of justice or humanity he violates as long as he preserves that ceremonial exterior of a *sabbath-keeping* piety, which renders him holy in the opinion of his sect. Prayers and hymns are the *maximum* of necessity in their code of duty. All the rest, which includes the practice of social virtue, is matter of gratuitous performance, and makes no part of the *Saint's book of offices*. As long as the *outside* of his character presents a polished surface to the world, he possesses an infallible cure in the dogmas of his creed for the turpitude within.

If the articles of belief, which the disciple of methodism professes to revere, do not always give birth to that progeny of crimes which they have a direct *tendency to generate*, the reason is not that they are innocuous in themselves, but that the *naturally virtuous propensities of humanity* often counteract the vitiating efficacy of the most superstitious creed. For whatever may be pretended to the contrary by the methodists, the genuine philosopher and the humble christian will assent to the proposition of Bishop Butler, that **VIRTUE IS THE LAW OF OUR NATURE**. The love of virtue is innate in the heart; and though a vitiated education, corrupt example, and bad habits may weaken the principle, yet the sense of duty is seldom so entirely obliterated as to leave no trace of virtue's superior loveliness on the conscience. A taste for virtue, for truth, for justice and humanity is not less a part of our nature than a taste for fresh air; but we know that the lungs will gradually accommodate their action to a very impure and vitiated atmosphere, and the moral taste of man will by degrees degenerate into an appetite for all manner of impurity.

The moral virtues, which we sometimes observe even

in the votaries of methodism, are *not the natural product of their belief, but of the virtuous dispositions which they inherit from nature, and which often triumph over the incentives to immorality which are so copiously furnished by their faith.* When they are good men, they are not made so by what they believe, but they are so *in spite of what they believe.* The articles of their religious creed, which tell them that they have a naturally irresistible propensity to all manner of unrighteousness; that the forfeit of this unrighteousness has been paid by the sufferings of another person; and that the virtues of this same person are accepted by the Deity as a substitute for any virtue in themselves; have a tendency to render them the most obdurate and abandoned transgressors, till they become totally insensible to the importance of moral obligation. But in this respect, as in many others, the wisdom of God counteracts the foolishness of man. Even a vicious system (and one more vicious than that of Westley and of Whitfield can hardly be imagined,) cannot always extirpate the principles of virtue, the seeds of goodness in the heart; and these principles will often take root and these seeds spring up and bear fruit even in the wilds of methodism. *As far as the tenets of the methodists are operative in their conduct, nothing but vice can be produced,* for virtuous actions cannot be the practical result of a radically vicious theory. Whenever, therefore, this *godly* sect exhibit any examples of moral virtue, *there is a glaring opposition between their conduct and their belief.* **THEIR BELIEF IS FUNDAMENTALLY AND SYSTEMATICALLY VIOUS AND VITIATING.** It libels the moral nature of man; and it supersedes the moral government of God. It destroys the idea that life is a state of trial, and that there will be a state of retribution after death when every man will receive according to what he hath done, whether it be good or whether it be evil. Thus, like the system of Epicurus, which it greatly resembles in its deadening influence on the natural sensibility to the differences of moral good or evil, it annihilates the moral responsibility of man, and removes the strongest barrier against vice and the strongest encouragement to virtue.

If we could suppose it possible for a whole nation to embrace the creed of the methodists, and to become thorough adepts in all the external sanctity and all the internal turpitude of the sect, the spectacle which would present itself to a stranger coming among this *righteous crew*, would powerfully interest his curiosity, if the feeling of curiosity were not suppressed by that of detestation. The moment he set his foot

on the shore of this *praying* and *psalm-singing people*, his ears would be assailed with hallelujahs, groans, sighs, and pious ejaculations of every description. At first he might perhaps think that he was going to enjoy the harmony of heaven, or to dwell with men; among whom there was no bitterness, no dissention, no cruelty, no falsehood and no guile. But this supposition would soon vanish like the morning dew, when he found that their tenets were at utter variance with every moral rule which he had been wont to esteem sacred; which his heart inwardly approved, and which reason and revelation united to inculcate. What would he think, when, notwithstanding all the grimace of piety which they assumed, he found them to delight in pronouncing the most atrocious slanders against the moral creation of God? when he heard them assert in utter contradiction to reason and experience that the Almighty had infused into them from the womb, an irresistible propensity to evil, to falsehood, to injustice and to cruelty? that their depravity was hereditary, innate, and constitutional? but that notwithstanding this whatever crimes they might commit, 'a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction' had been made for them by the sufferings of a God who had come upon earth about eighteen centuries ago, and been *put to death by his own creatures*; that the blood which this God, *who made man, and yet was born of a woman*, shed, was a fountain of purification in which the blackest turpitude would be washed white as snow? Who that heard this and similar jargon, which would be talked by a nation of methodists, would not believe that every man, woman and child among them were out of their senses; or that notwithstanding all their kneeling, praying, and singing, they were an incorrigible mass of hypocrites, w\*\*\*\*\*, and rogues?

If there could be no virtue in a nation of methodists, who *practically followed the doctrines which they taught*, it is clear that the more methodism itself increases in any country, the more will the sum of vice be augmented, and that of virtue be diminished. For virtue and methodism are like two opposing powers; and according as one rises in the scale the other will decline. The only reason why this abominable superstition is not productive in this country of all the evil which it has a natural tendency to engender, is that the human nature which belongs to a methodist as well as to any other religionist in many instances operates as a counteracting remedy to the deleterious influence of his creed. Even methodism itself cannot always extirpate the social

sympathies which prompt to the kind exertions of humanity, nor efface that sense of justice, which almost commences with the first pulsations of the heart.

The Barrister commences his work with some observations on the precipitate temerity with which the promulgators of methodism undertake the pastoral office. For this purpose all that with them is necessary is a little glibness of speech and a large stock of impudence. This serves them instead of a university education. Few of them even know that the New Testament was originally composed in a foreign language; or that it was not sent down from heaven ready printed in the English tongue. Hence they are totally unacquainted with the idiom of the scriptures; and of course they rush blindfold into all the absurdities of a literal interpretation. The mode in which the scriptures are broken into verses; is very favourable to their supposition, that every verse or text as they call it, is a whole in itself; a sort of oracle which has all the verity of inspiration, without depending for its real explanation on what follows after, or what goes before. Thus, whenever they are attacked they seek to overwhelm their antagonist by a heap of disconnected texts of scripture, which, when explained together with the contexts, have a sense totally different from that which they make them assume. Thus they can readily convert conditional or modified into absolute propositions. When Isaiah says on the corrupt state of the Jewish people, among whom the vital kernel of moral virtue was forsaken for the empty shell of ceremonial observances, "*all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags*," they quote the passage as if it were an unqualified assertion, designed by the prophet to deprecate the real worth of piety and virtue. When David in the agonies of penitential remorse, confesses himself a great sinner, he says, "*Behold I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother conceived me.*" This hyperbolical declaration of a contrite individual, astounded with a sense of the murder which he had committed, the methodists convert into a general proposition, that every man who comes into the world is shapen in wickedness and conceived in sin. Thus they convert the pangs of contrition into words of blasphemy.

Biblical criticism is so opposite to the genius of methodism, that no person who had ever attained to any eminence in sacred criticism was ever found marshalled under the banner of the methodists. Few among them ever read any books but such as have been written by persons of their own sect. All the theology but their own, is denominated *atheism, infidelity, and heathenism*; and every place of wor-

ship which does not ring the changes on the articles of their belief, is reckoned unholy and profane, the abode of sceptics, and monsters of every description which people the *evangelical* brain. These pious expositors of the Gospel place, as the Barrister said in the first part of his *Hints*,

‘ Their own interpretations of the scripture doctrines on the same level of authority with the scripture itself, and whoever does not subscribe to them must expect a plentiful sprinkling of abuse from the shower-bath of Calvinism : the term of infidel, heathen, socinian, deist, atheist, with all the abusive epithets which their evangelical spleen can furnish, will be vented against him.’

The Barrister well remarks of these pretenders to sanctity that in the fallacious estimate of their own self-conceit,

‘ They alone are the *serious* christians ; all the world beside contains a motly mixture of the infidel and the ungodly. They are the elect of the flock and graze in green pastures ; the rest are lost sheep, black with the rot of their original corruption, and outcasts from the fold of faith. Lifted up as they are in their vision of vanity to the highest heaven, they look down with affected pity on the creatures of this world. They fancy themselves taught, as by special favour from above, and by a very natural progress, in which their fanaticism panders to their pride, they soon come to consider all human knowledge as beneath their attainment. Human reason compared with the light that floats round their holy temples, becomes in their estimation, no better than a carnal varnish which throws its delusive glare over the unsightly picture of human depravity.’

Dr. Hawker, one of the high priests of the Baal of methodism, has said that he ‘ *shall not recommend human strength to exert itself in acts of moral virtue towards its own salvation.*’ For according to the Doctor’s creed, ‘ **MAN IS WHOLLY INCAPABLE OF DOING ANY THING TOWARDS HIS OWN REFORMATION.**’ Here the Barrister sagaciously intimates that the Doctor has forcibly controverted the utility of his own preaching. For where can be ‘ the utility of preaching to such helpless machines as he describes mankind to be ?’ And how can the doctor, or his preaching and praying associates, in any conscience, receive their maintenance from those whom with all the toil which they can bestow, they know it is utterly impossible to amend ? The doctor confesses that all the rational, historical, and moral evidences in favour of christianity stand for nothing ; that they are not sufficient to produce faith in any man’s soul ; that faith is a supernatural gift and must be effected by supernatural means ; and consequently that all the works, which have

been written to prove the truth of christianity, from the answer of Origen to Celsus to the reply of Bishop Watson to Thomas Payne, might, for any good which they can do, as well be put into the fire. When Dr. Hawker intimates that faith in the divine mission of Christ is not to be produced by evidence, but by the immediate interposition of the Deity, he virtually asserts that Christianity is false. For the doctor with all his perspicuity will find it difficult to distinguish between a religion which is false and a religion which is not supported by evidence; or only by such evidence as is utterly insufficient to convince any rational man that it is true. Such are the contradictions and absurdities in which the *evangelical preachers* are necessarily entangled. The doctor had said that the gospel "HAS NEITHER IFS NOR BUTS, NEITHER TERMS NOR CONDITIONS;" and when the Barrister pressed him with the unscriptural principles and the immoral consequences of this monstrous doctrine, the doctor instead of either establishing the principles or refuting the consequences, only repeats his assertion, and says that a *distinct treatise* would be necessary for the proof of what he had advanced. *Thus* the doctor attempts to parry the home-thrust of the Barrister!—But the way in which he endeavours to elude the objection is a proof that he feels the force. For if the absence of all *ifs* and *buts*, all *TERMS* of moral performance and *CONDITIONS* of voluntary obedience, from the covenant of salvation were so palpably true as the doctor asserts, the proof would be easy; and instead of a *distinct treatise* being necessary, *a single page would suffice for the demonstration.*

The Barrister well remarks that from the sage instructors of the *evangelical school*,

" You can never get a plain answer to a plain question. Ask them in the midst of their harangue to explain any difficulty that arises out of their doctrines and they lead you into the wilderness of mystery, lose themselves and you in a maze of texts without connection, and terms without meaning; and after all, like dancers in a minuet, they end where they began."

In p. 18—23, the Barrister has incontrovertibly convicted Dr. Hawker of picking and stealing numerous embellishments of rhetoric, with some elegant turns of phrase and thought from the letter of Edmund Burke to the Duke of Bedford. By the help of these plagiarisms, the doctor no doubt thought to rival his foes, and captivate his friends by the fascinations of his style. But the doctor has certainly not snatched a *grace beyond the reach of art*; and the doctor's

diction, when divested of the purloined decorations, looks not unlike the livid skin of the old crow when stripped of the peacock's plumes.

One of the favourite doctrines of the methodists is the **NEW BIRTH**; by which they do not understand an amelioration of moral habits, a radical improvement of the inclinations and the conduct, but a certain paroxysm of the devotional feelings, which is unaccompanied with any salutary impressions either on the head or on the heart. This **NEW BIRTH** sometimes takes place among the godly in very *awkward situations*; and we are almost inclined to term it a *spiritual miscarriage*. Thus in the Methodist Magazine for 1798, p. 273, we have an account of an old woman, who had a **NEW BIRTH** while busy at the wash-tub.

*“The Lord ASTONISHED Sarah Roberts with his mercy, by setting her at liberty, while employed in the necessary business of washing for her family. For even while her hands were engaged in the world, her heart was given unto the Lord. She now found all the ways of religion to be ways of pleasantness and all its paths peace. She received a clear witness that God, for Christ’s sake, had blotted out all her sins, and received her into his family.”*

This lady seems to have had a very pleasant time during her travail; and to have got rid of her sins at a very easy rate. We heartily congratulate her on her safe-deliverance.

The religious parturition of Sarah Roberts, is we suppose, a proof of Dr. Hawker's assertion, that salvation “**is ALTOGETHER UNCONDITIONAL on the part of God**, and requires no previous **QUALIFICATION OR WORK on the part of man**.”

“According to the gospel which hitherto,” says the author, “has been the pillar of the christian world, we are taught that whosoever endeavours to the best of his ability to reform his manners and amend his life will find pardon and acceptance. That *when the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness which he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive!* This gracious declaration the **old moral divines** of our church have placed in the front of its liturgy. When the doctor himself announces this from the desk, as he must do, at the very commencement of the service, does it never strike him as utterly repugnant to the doctrine he delivers from the pulpit? Would it not be a sort of inhuman or tyrannic mockery to assure a poor *helpless* being, that if he walked to a certain distance he should be restored to health, when we knew him to be *utterly incapable* of putting one leg before the other? The scriptural promise above quoted, in order to

square with the Doctor's creed, should be altered thus: "When the wicked man hath been turned away from the wickedness which he hath committed, and *that is done for him which is lawful and right*, he shall save his soul alive." According to the doctrine of the evangelical junto, it is not the sincerity of the repentance, but the greatness of the sin that offers the most effectual plea for the mercy of God. 'This,' says Dr. Hawker, 'becomes the universal remedy for great sinners as well as little sinners: the blood of Christ cleareth from ALL sin.' Here the Barrister asks with eloquent animation:

'Does our Saviour teach in any one passage of his gospel, that there was any thing in his sufferings that would alter the nature of sin; or that his blood—shed by the most obstinate and cruel bigots that ever disgraced the human character—would, when thus shed, exempt sinners from the punishment denounced against their crimes?—Did he, in any one instance, affirm that the *blood* thus spilt, was in itself effectual to the pardon of guilt, and would therefore annul that solemn declaration of God, that he would in a future life render to every man *according to his works*? Did he invite the miscreant multitude, that flocked with frantic mockery to his cross,—did he invite them to *wash their guilt away* in the *blood* they were shedding? Did he direct them to *bathe in that crimson blood*, in order to purify themselves from the blackness of their guilt—a guilt so tremendous that the darkened earth trembled to its centre? Did our Saviour after his resurrection in any manner, or on any occasion even allude to his blood, as cleansing the impure from their vices, or as clearing the guilty from their crimes? Did he, when risen from the dead give commission to his disciples to direct those who had lived in open violation of his laws, to a fountain filled with blood?'

The phrases, 'blood of Christ' 'blood of the Lamb,' 'atonement blood,' 'redeeming blood,' seem used like so many spells of conjuration, in the mouths of the methodists, and no discourse, which they hear, is thought to have any savour of the gospel in it that is not well seasoned with this high-spiced phraseology. The Barrister gives an example of the familiar manner in which the *blood of Christ* is mentioned even in the common-place discourse of these modern pharisees. In the Evangelical Magazine for December last we read the following among

'The last words of a reverend methodist, whose life, character, and behaviour is duly recorded in that marvellous chronicle of Saints. Sunday the 24th. On a friend saying; take a drop of wine into your dear mouth, he replied, it is a dear mouth for it was purchased with precious BLOOD.'

According to the doctrine of the methodists, even the murder of Christ carried with it its own justification, for they represent his blood as, 'AN AMPLE ATONEMENT FOR THE SIN OF SHEDDING IT.' Thus do these detestable fanatics endeavour to confound all our ideas of right and wrong, of innocence and guilt. But though the evangelical pastors have discovered this great expanse of charity towards the murderers of Christ, one of their godly hymns breathes this sentiment of ferocious intolerance towards those who worship the Deity after the manner of Christ.

'Stretch out thy arm, thou **TRIUNE GOD,**  
The *unitarian* fiend expel,  
And chase his doctrine back to hell.'

Large Hymn Book, 431.

This is one of the evangelical petitions which this *kneeling*, *praying*, and *canting fraternity* have the audacity to offer to the **GREAT SPIRIT OF FORBEARANCE, OF PATIENCE AND OF LOVE !!!** The Barrister well remarks that the term *Unitarian*, which is synonymous with every thing execrable in the idiom of *methodism*, can properly be applied only to him who believes that there is but **ONE GOD**. The appellation Unitarian can properly denote *only this particular opinion*, and we have no right to couple it with any other tenets which are not necessarily implied in the term. You cannot in fairness apply to the person whom it designates a belief in fables of the Koran or an attachment to the ceremonies of Judaism. And yet both Jews and Mahometans are unitarians; but they are unitarians, not because they believe either in Moses or in Mahomet, but in the **ONENESS** of the Godhead. An Unitarian is not necessarily of any sect; and he does not, like the Calvinist or Socinian, follow the dogmas or acknowledge the authority of any individual.

The **UNITARIAN** Christian, belongs not to the school of Calvin, nor of Wesley, nor of Whitfield, nor of Socinus, nor of Priestly, but of Christ. In this sense of the words we profess ourselves Unitarians; we belong to no sect but that of **CHARITY**; and in *matters of faith* we **ACKNOWLEDGE NO AUTHORITY BUT THAT OF CHRIST**. We believe in one God, the loving father of all mankind; we acknowledge with reverence and gratitude the divine mission of Jesus; we assent to the truth of his doctrine; we confess the purity of his example, and we feel a degree of comfort which we cannot express in the reality of his resurrection. But yet this is the doctrine, this is the encouragement to virtue, the spring of joy, and the support under suffering which the

pious worshippers of the Moloch of methodism implore their 'Triune God to chase back to hell.'

The sense which the methodists have of true religion may be seen not only from their *charitable* anathemas which have been just quoted, but from the manner in which the leader of the band Dr. Hawker, (who is at the same time a beneficed clergyman of the church of England) speaks of Dr. Paley, whose writings have tended so much to convince the infidel, to confirm the believer, and to keep the wavering in the faith. 'There are not many,' says Dr. Hawker, 'who have contributed more to *increase the mass of moral evil* and therefore deserve less from mankind than Mr. Paley.' We were not indeed much surprised to find this *honourable* abuse of the author of the 'Evidences of Christianity' by a writer who makes Christianity to be a religion *without* evidence; and who represents it as *impossible to produce faith in Christianity by any human means as it would be to create a world.*

The Barrister brings a charge of worldly-mindedness and carnal propensity against these *Evangelical* pastors, which is very incompatible with the professions which they make wherever they may happen to sojourn, to *know nothing but Jesus and him crucified.*

'But' says this forcible assailant on the strong holds of Methodism, 'these saints take good care (care) never to unite themselves but with the *ELECT OF FORTUNE*. They never tread the road of matrimony, but in the track of her wheel. This is a speculation which more or less prompts and presides over all their *labours of love*. Their eye is ever on the watch. They know well who has a rich uncle, and who has an estate in expectancy,—and they stand like hogs in an orchard waiting for a windfall.'

It may seem very uncourteous to compare the saints to a herd of swine, but we must confess, from our knowledge of the fraternity, that we were much struck with the singular aptitude of the simile.

The Barrister well remarks that methodism, *instead of making its followers better than others, has a direct tendency, AS FAR AS IT IS ACTED UPON, to make them worse.* The truth is, that the speculative principles of methodism about *innate depravity, vicarious punishment, imputed righteousness, &c.* are of such a nature that *if they were made a practical rule of life, they would tear up the very foundations of SOCIETY, AND BANISH EVERY PARTICLE OF TRUTH, JUSTICE AND HUMANITY FROM AMONG MEN.* But what can we think of a system which leads directly to such consequences, and which cannot be made a rule of life without producing them? The truth of any religious system may, in some de-

gree be ascertained from the results which must follow from the practice of the principles which it inculcates.—As far as the speculative tenets of the Unitarians are made practical rules of life, truth, justice and humanity will flourish in the world ; but the doctrines of methodism render vice the only uppanage of man, and make christianity itself only a nursery for crimes and a receptacle for criminals. Happily, however, as we have remarked above, the human nature of the methodists counteracts the vitiating tendencies of methodism ; and the moral sense, which God infused into their hearts, is with difficulty suppressed by the pernicious influence of their *demoralizing* creed.

With the unitarians *vice is the worst heresy*; but with the methodists *heresy*, or a dissent from their unscriptural tenets, *is the worst vice*. With the unitarians religion becomes practical usefulness ; with the methodists it is nothing but a chaos of speculative polemics. The piety of the first *soite* is the heart and improves the life ; that of the last *centre* is in a labyrinth of words without a spark of sense. The creed of the unitarian tends to elicit all the virtues which constitute the charm and the bliss of life ; that of the methodist tends to chill all the sympathies which sweeten existence, and to extinguish all the liberal, the generous, and exalted sentiments which ennoble man. Mr. Wilberforce in the ignorance of his zeal, or in the zeal of his ignorance once said that ‘ Unitarianism was the half-way-house to infidelity ;’ but he might with more truth have asserted that *methodism is the last stage of vice, where all the roads meet that lead to the gallows from all the sources of crime*.

We have heard much of the immoral poison which was diffused over the earth by the atheists of France ; but a much more subtle and more pernicious material is produced by the chemistry of methodism and retailed by the *evangelical* hucksters in every part of the empire. The Barrister exhibits a specimen of this, not only in the publications of Dr. Hawker, but in Rowland Hill’s *Sale of Curates* ; which is artfully designed to bring into disrepute not only the clergy but the religion of the country. We will venture to say that falsehood more atrocious, that slanders more malicious, insinuations more unfavourable to morality, and more subversive of genuine piety, were never vented in any publication. The mouths of the saints are proverbially foul ; and if we may judge from their own confessions that foulness must proceed from turpitude of heart.

In the concluding pages of his pamphlet the Barrister mentions a fact, which merits serious attention, and deserves to

be minutely investigated both in its principles and its consequences. The horde of methodists, who seem from the number and the diversity of their missions to assume a sort of pontifical sovereignty over the religious systems of all the countries in the world, have lately had the audacity to appoint a committee, armed with all the INQUISITORIAL powers which these evangelists can confer, to examine into the RELIGIOUS STATE OF IRELAND. This self-constituted commission of bigots have published their report, in which in their hypocritical gibberish they pledge themselves to attend to the *spiritual welfare* (viz. to promote the moral deterioration) of the sister isle. These sanctified impostors tell us that

‘They will visit many places, confer with a variety of individuals, and notice with united care and candour, the state of all religious denominations. Accumulating such testimonies as agree and balancing such as are discordant they will endeavour to form just conclusions, so that the committee without any FURTHER APPEAL, will, in abundance of cases know when to hesitate and when to DECIDE, where to EXERT THEMSELVES and where to be still.’ Report of the Hibernian Society, p. 1, 2.

Here we find these pragmatical usurpers of a jurisdiction over the consciences of men talking in a lofty and magisterial tone, which becomes not the teachers of any sect, and much less of such an incorporated mass of ignorance and vice.

‘What power,’ exclaims the author of this excellent pamphlet, ‘do these spiritual directors calculate to have under their command that they talk so confidently of *deciding without appeal*, and *exerting themselves*, when in their judgment the exertion of their power shall be necessary? It becomes prudent to look at the length of the muster-roll of the saints, when they thus assume to themselves an authority which the provident constitution of this country has hitherto confined to the *executive magistracy*. The recognised principles of freedom neither justify nor suffer this kind of active interference. To me it appears the most haughty and insolent intrusion into the annals of domestic life that we have ever witnessed. Assuming the name, style, and title of the HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, they announce themselves with as much assurance, and reveal their intentions with an air as magisterial as if they were the plenipotentiaries of the spiritual kingdom. The legates of the Pope in the meridian of his supremacy, never adopted a tone more peremptory, or proclaimed their commission in terms more decisive.’ ‘These Evangelical ENVOYS open their circuit with sufficient pomp, and they divide their inquisitorial researches with due precision. ‘On Friday, July 31st, (says the report) ‘ they commenced their tour. Messrs. Bogue and Charles proposing to visit Athy, Castlecomber, Kilkenny and Clon-

mel; while for the sake of **ENLARGING THE FIELD OF OBSERVATION**, Messrs. Mills and Hughes took the road through Wicklow, Arklow, Gorey, Farns, Enniscorthy, and New Ross. 'What his majesty's subjects in Ireland may think of the deputies of this *new convention*, sent to spy out the nakedness of the land, I do not know. But if this is to be the prelude to other conventions of a similar nature, I am sure it cannot on this side the water be too seriously inspected, or (nor) too severely condemned.'

We are no friends to popery; but we are persuaded that popery, even with all its superstitions, is, in respect to its *moral influence* preferable to those horrible impieties, those blasphemies against the goodness of God and those insults on the common sense of man, which are brawled abroad by the missionaries of methodism.

'The religious faith of the Catholic,' says the Barrister, 'contains much that a more enlightened reason would rectify and much that a more sound, extensive, and unprejudiced inquiry would remove.'

But if Popery should ever be subverted by methodism, a greater evil will eventually be substituted for a less; more superstition will be generated, more intolerance be produced, and more vice, particularly, more of that vice which Mr. Fox calls in his history, *the most detestable of all vices HYPOCRISY*, will be the practical result. Let England, let Ireland, and indeed the United Empire beware of the envenomed arts, the pernicious doctrines and the subtle machinations of the methodists! Their real object is to subvert every system of rational religion, and all the true, that is, all the moral Christianity that is left in the country; and if they should unfortunately, through the apathy or the indolence of wiser religionists, effect this, the most furious persecution will then be commenced against every man who will not bow his head and bend his knee to that **GHASTLY AND BARBAROUS SUPERSTITION** which they will cause to raise its hydra-head over the land.

We are now obliged reluctantly to quit the farther consideration of this excellent pamphlet. We took it up with pleasure and we lay it down with regret. He who is a friend to pure unvitiated christianity and an enemy to that *anti-moral system*, which the fanatics are attempting to substitute in its stead, will peruse it with delight. The composition is forcible and eloquent, and the theology would do honour to any professional divine. The writer, whoever he may be, has rendered an essential service to the cause of revealed truth and to the best interests of political society.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of Captain George Carleton, an English Officer, including Anecdotes of the War in Spain under the Earl of Peterborough, and many interesting Particulars relating to the Manners of the Spaniards in the beginning of the last Century. Written by Himself.* 8vo. 12s. Murray. 1803.

THE Memoirs which are here republished, made their first appearance in 1743, before our journal was established. They have long been out of print, and have been much less known than they deserved. The recent occurrences in Spain give them an additional interest in the present period; as they exhibit a very correct and animated account of the different campaigns of the Earl of Peterborough during the war of the succession; and as the moral and physical culture of that country has, since the above æra, undergone fewer changes than most other European nations have experienced in the same lapse of time, many of the remarks which Carleton makes, and many of the particulars which he relates, will be found as applicable to the present condition of Spain as to the past. The lapse of more than a century, and the substitution of a Gallic for the Austrian dynasty have not much altered the face of the country, nor the manners of the people. Since the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru, the internal improvement of Spain seems not merely to have been stationary, but to have become retrograde; and a degree of revolutionary convulsion, such as that with which the country is at this moment agitated, seemed wanting to rouse the dormant faculties and latent energies of this brave and generous people.

Captain George Carleton, the author of the present Memoirs, appears to have been a man of an active and enterprizing spirit, and impatient of what may be termed the quiescence of still life. That kind of calm, unruffled serenity, which is most delicious to some dispositions, is quite insupportable to others. There are some persons, whose frame is so peculiarly organized, that they seem to respire with most facility in a turbid atmosphere; and to enjoy all their vital functions most when the winds rage and the tempests howl. The temperament of Captain Carleton was of that species; he seems to have delighted more in a state of turbulence than repose. He had no sooner finished one enterprize than he felt uneasy till he begun another. Thus he passed a large part of his life in a constant succession of hardy exertions and military toils. Thus he was versed in a variety of perils both by sea and land.

When about twenty years of age, he entered as a volunteer on board the London, commanded by Sir Edward Sprage, and was present in the glorious and hard-fought conflict between the English fleet under James II. then Duke of York, and the Dutch under the celebrated De Ruyter. Carleton on this occasion bears honorable testimony to the courage of the Duke, which some parts of his ulterior conduct seem to have rendered problematical. The Duke remained all the time of the engagement on the quarter deck, showers of balls whizzed around him, but neither his manner nor his conduct evinced any signs of fear.

In 1674, our author loathing the inactivity of peace, passed into Flanders, and served as a volunteer in the army which was commanded by the Prince of Orange. At the famous battle of Seneff, Carleton was stationed in the rear guard, which was cut off from the main body of the army by the address of the Prince of Condé; and he was among the few who escaped with his life. In this battle the impetuous ardour of the Prince of Orange carried him into the midst of the enemy; but his usual presence of mind did not forsake him in this emergency, and he saved himself by giving the command in French which he spoke perfectly well. Our author was present at the siege of Maestricht in 1676; and was among those who were appointed to mount a breach which had been made in one of the bastions of the place. The breach was twice mounted notwithstanding the opposition of the enemy, but the first time the bastion was lost by an accident, and in the second, it was blown up by the besieged. Many lives were lost, but Captain Carleton escaped unhurt. A general storm was meditated, when the approach of the French army caused the Prince to raise the siege.

After the peace of Nimeguen in 1678, the author remained near four years in garrison at the Grave. After the death of Charles II. the regiment in which he served received orders to pass over into England on account of Monmouth's invasion; but on the conclusion of that unfortunate affair he was again ordered into Holland. Carleton afterwards left the Dutch service, and had a commission given him by King James in a new-raised regiment under the command of Colonel Tufton; when he tells us that

‘He sojourned out two peaceable campaigns on Hounslow heath.’

After the revolution, our author took the oaths of allegiance to the Prince of Orange. He next passed two winters at Inverness, where he was employed in bridling the refrac-

tory Highlanders, and in constructing the fort at Inverlochy, now fort William. The author does not seem to have been much pleased with his Scottish residence. At Inverness he tells us that he was

‘ Perpetually harassed upon parties, and hunting of somewhat wilder than their wildest game, namely the Highlanders, who were, if not as nimble-footed, yet fully as hard to be found.’

In his march from Inverness to Inverlochy, he says,

‘ In this march, or rather, if you please, most dismal peregrination, we could but very rarely go two on a breast ; and oftener like geese in a string, one after another. So that our very little army had sometimes, or rather most commonly, an extent of many miles ; our enemy, the Highlanders, firing down upon us from their summits all the way. Nor was it possible for our men, or very rarely at least, to return their favours with any prospect of success ; for as they popped upon us always on a sudden, they never staid long enough to allow any of our soldiers a mark, or even time enough to fire ; and for our men to march or climb up those mountains, which, to them were natural champaign, would have been as dangerous as it seemed to us impracticable.’

We hope that this is a *specimen* of the war which the Spaniards, in the mountainous parts of their territory, will wage against the French.

Captain Carleton was afterwards appointed by king William to the command of a company in Brigadier Tiffin’s regiment, and he served under the banners of that monarch in most of the campaigns which he carried on in the Netherlands against his inveterate enemy Louis XIV. After the death of king William, Carleton was recommended by Lord Cutts to the Lord Peterborough, and accompanied him in the expedition, which was intended to place the archiduke Charles of Austria on the throne of Spain. Lord Peterborough took the Archduke and his attendants on board his fleet ; and indeed is said to have transported that prince and his whole retinue to Barcelona at his own expence. The force which Lord Peterborough took out with him to Spain was very diminutive compared with the greatness of the object which he had to execute. But scanty as were his means, his genius was of that commanding kind, which creates resources, or which knows how to make even its difficulties contribute to the facility of its success. As a military commander England has hardly ever possessed one, who was superior to Lord Peterborough ; who did so much with such trivial means, against such powerful obstacles, and who would cer-

tainly have accomplished the important work which he had so successfully begun, if his plans had not been frustrated by the obstinacy, the infatuation, or the jealousy of men, who were wanting in judgment, in penetration, or integrity. His short but splendid career no doubt excited envy, which could not be appeased till the command was transferred to less able hands.

The first place which Lord Peterborough attacked on his arrival on the coast of Spain, was the fortress of Denia in the kingdom of Valencia. The place surrendered, and the archduke was here first proclaimed the lawful king of Spain. At this period, there were no forces in the middle parts of Spain; and all the troops were either at the extremities of the kingdom, on the frontiers of Portugal, or in the city of Barcelona. King Philip and the royal family were at Madrid with only a small body guard. The earl, therefore, proposed, after taking Valencia, or some other town on the coast in order to secure his maritime communication, to have marched directly to the capital. Nothing could at that moment have frustrated this plan, which would have instantly placed the archduke on the throne. But Peterborough was unfortunately obliged to sacrifice his judgment to the orders which he received from home; and instead of marching to Madrid, he was constrained to lay siege to Barcelona. Nothing could be more imprudent than this step, to which may eventually be ascribed the whole failure of the expedition. Nothing but the genius of Peterborough could so long have preserved the footing which the English obtained in Spain.

‘Barcelona,’ says Captain Carleton, ‘is one of the largest and most populous cities in all Spain, fortified with bastions; one side thereof is secured by the sea, and the other by a strong fortification called Monjouick. The place is of so large a circumference that thirty thousand men would scarce suffice to form the lines of circumvallation. It once resisted for many months an army of that force; and is almost at the greatest distance from England of any place belonging to that monarchy.’

The regular forces, which were at this time in garrison in Barcelona, exceeded the number of the troops which the earl had to undertake the siege.

In six councils of war, which were held on the occasion, the siege of Barcelona was judged to be rash and impracticable.

‘And though the **GENERAL** and brigadier Stanhope (afterwards Earl Stanhope) consented to some effort, yet it was rather that

some effort should be made to satisfy the expectation of the world, than with any hopes of success.'

There are talents which seem rather animated than depressed by difficulties ; and which make even the difficulty itself the means of executing the purpose of the will. The fortress of Monjouick is much stronger than Barcelona itself, but the sagacity of Lord Peterborough saw that the strength of that place was likely to constitute the security of the garrison. The Earl, unknown to any person but an aid-de-camp, who attended him, went out to view the fortifications. He was confirmed in his suspicion of the supineness of the garrison ; and he resolved, if possible, to carry the place by assault, after which he might hope to reduce the town.

We shall give an account of the capture of fort Monjouick in the author's own words.

'The troops which marched all night along the foot of the mountains, arrived two hours before day under the hill of Monjouick, not a quarter of a mile from the outward works : For this reason, it was taken for granted, whatever the design was which the general had proposed to himself, that it would be put in execution before day-light ; but the Earl of Peterborough was now pleased to inform the officers of the reasons why he chose to stay till the light appeared. He was of opinion that any success would be impossible, unless the enemy came into the outward ditch under the bastions of the second inclosure ; but that if they had time allowed them to come thither, there being no palisadoes, our men, by leaping in upon them, after receipt of their first fire, might drive them into the upper works ; and following them close, with some probability, might force them, under that confusion, into the inward fortifications. Such were the general's reasons then and there given ; after which, having promised ample rewards to such as discharged their duty well, a lieutenant with thirty men, was ordered to advance towards the bastion nearest the town ; and a captain with fifty men to support him. After the enemy's fire, they were to leap into the ditch ; and their orders were to follow them close, if they retired into the upper works : nevertheless, not to pursue them farther, if they made into the inner fort ; but to endeavour to cover themselves within the gorge of the bastion.

'A lieutenant and a captain, with the like number of men, and the same orders, were commanded to a demi-bastion, at the extremity of the fort towards the west, which was above musket-shot from the inward fortification. Towards this place the wall, which was cut into the rock, was not faced for about twenty yards ; and here our own men got up, where they found three pieces of cannon upon a platform, without any men to defend them. Those appointed to the bastion towards the town, were sustained by two

hundred men ; with which the general and prince went in person. The like number, under the directions of Colonel Southwell, were to sustain the attack towards the west ; and about five hundred men were left under the command of a Dutch colonel, whose orders were to assist, where in his own judgment, he should think most proper ; and these were drawn up between the two parties appointed to begin the assault. My lot was on the side where the prince and earl were in person ; and where we sustained the only loss from the first fire of the enemy.

Our men though quite exposed, and though the glacis was all escaped upon the live rock, went on with an undaunted courage ; and, immediately after the first fire of the enemy, all, that were not killed or wounded, leaped in, pel-mel, amongst the enemy ; who, being thus boldly attacked, and seeing others pouring in upon them, retired in great confusion ; and some one way, some another, ran into the inward works. There was a large port in the flank of the principal bastion, towards the north east, and a covered way, through which the general and the Prince of Hesse followed the flying forces ; and by that means became possessed of it. Luckily enough here lay a number of great stones in the gorge of the bastion, for the use of the fortification ; with which we made a sort of breast-work, before the enemy recovered of their amaze, or made any considerable fire upon us from their inward fort, which commanded the upper part of that bastion.

We were afterwards informed, that the commander of the citadel, expecting but one attack, had called off the men from the most distant and western part of the fort, to that side which was next the town ; upon which our men got into a demi-bastion in the most extreme part of the fortification. Here they got possession of three pieces of cannon, with hardly any opposition ; and had leisure to cast up a little entrenchment, and to make use of the guns they had taken to defend it. Under this situation, the enemy, when drove into the inward fort, were exposed to our fire from those places we were possessed of, in case they offered to make any sally, or other attempt against us. Thus, we every moment became better and better prepared against any effort of the garrison. And, as they could not pretend to assail us without evident hazard, so nothing remained for us to do till we could bring up our artillery and mortars. Now it was that the general sent for the thousand men under Brigadier Stanhope's command, which he had posted at a convent, half way between the town and Monjouick. There was almost a total cessation of fire, the men on both sides being under cover. The general was in the upper part of the bastion ; the Prince of Hesse below, behind a little work at the point of the bastion, whence he could only see the heads of the enemy over the parapet of the inward fort. Soon after an accident happened, which cost that gallant prince his life.

The enemy had lines of communication between Barcelona and Monjouick. The governor of the former, upon hearing the firing

from the latter, immediately sent four hundred dragoons on horseback, under orders, that two hundred dismounting should reinforce the garrison, and the other two hundred should return with their horses back to the town. When those two hundred dragoons were accordingly got into the inward fort, unseen by any of our men, the Spaniards, waving their hats over their heads, repeated over and over, *Viva el Rey, Viva.* This the Prince of Hesse unfortunately took for a signal of their desire to surrender. Upon which, with too much warmth and precipitancy, calling to the soldiers following, 'They surrender, they surrender!' he advanced with near three hundred men (who followed him without any orders from their general,) along the curtain which led to the ditch of the inward fort. The enemy suffered them to come to the ditch, and there surrounding them took two hundred of them prisoners, at the same time making a discharge upon the rest, who were running back the way they came. This firing brought the Earl of Peterborough down from the upper part of the bastion, to see what was doing below. When he had just turned the point of the bastion, he saw the Prince of Hesse retiring with the men that had so rashly advanced. The Earl had exchanged a very few words with him, when, from a second fire, that prince received a shot in the great artery of the thigh, of which he died immediately, falling down at the general's feet, who instantly gave orders to carry off the body to the next convent.

Almost the same moment, an officer came to acquaint the Earl of Peterborough, that a great body of horse and foot, at least three thousand, were on their march from Barcelona towards the fort. The distance is near a mile, all uneven ground; so that the enemy was either discoverable, or not to be seen, just as they were marching on the hills, or in the valleys. However, the general directly got on horseback, to take a view of those forces from the rising ground without the fort, having left all the posts, which were already taken, well secured with the allotted numbers of officers and soldiers.

But the event will demonstrate of what consequence the absence or presence of one man may prove on great occasions: No sooner was the Earl out of the fort, the care of which he had left under the command of the Lord Charlemont, (a person of known merit and undoubted courage, but somewhat too flexible in his temper) when a panic fear (though the Earl, as I have said, was only gone to take a view of the enemy) seized upon the soldiery, which was a little too easily complied with by the Lord Charlemont, then commanding officer. True it is; for I heard an officer, ready enough to take such advantages, urge to him, that none of all those out-posts we were become masters of, were tenable; that to offer at it would be no better than wilfully sacrificing human lives to caprice and humour; and just like a man's knocking his head against stone walls, to try which was hardest. Having overheard this piece of lip-oratory, and finding by the answer that it was too likely to prevail, and that all I was like to say would avail nothing, I slipped away

as fast as I could, to acquaint the general with the danger impending. As I passed along, I took notice, that the panic was upon the increase; the general rumour affirming, that we should be all cut off by the troops that were come out of Barcelona, if we did not immediately gain the hills, or the houses possessed by Miquelets. Officers and soldiers, under this prevailing terror, quitted their posts, and in one united body (the Lord Charlemont at the head of them) marched, or rather hurried out of the fort; and were come half-way down the hill before the Earl of Peterborough came up to them; though, on my acquainting him with the shameful and surprizing accident, he made no stay; but answering, with a good deal of vehemence, 'Good God, is it possible!' hastened back as fast as he could. I never thought myself happier than in this piece of service to my country. I confess I could not but value it, as having been therein more than a little instrumental in the glorious successes which succeeded; since immediately upon this notice from me, the Earl galloped up the hill, and lighting when he came to Lord Charlemont, he took his half pike out of his hand; and turning to the officers and soldiers, told them, if they would not face about and follow him, they should have the scandal and eternal infamy upon them, of having deserted their posts, and abandoned their general. It was surprizing to see with what alacrity and new courage they faced about, and followed the Earl of Peterborough. In a moment they had forgot their apprehensions; and, without doubt, had they met with any opposition, they would have behaved themselves with the greatest bravery. But as these motions were unperceived by the enemy, all the posts were regained, and anew possessed in less than half an hour, without any loss; though, had our forces marched half musket-shot further, their retreat would have been perceived, and all the success attendant on this glorious attempt must have been entirely blasted.'

Barcelona itself soon after surrendered. The author mentions the following affecting incident which occurred during the siege.

' Brigadier Stanhope ordered a tent to be pitched as near the trenches as possibly could be with safety; where he not only entertained the chief officers who were upon duty, but likewise the Catalonian gentlemen, who brought Miquelets to our assistance. I remember I saw an old cavalier, having his only son with him, who appeared a fine young gentleman, about twenty years of age, go into the tent, in order to dine with the brigadier. But whilst they were at dinner, an unfortunate shot came from the bastion of St. Antonio, and entirely struck off the head of the son. The father immediately rose up, first looking down upon his headless child, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks, he crossed himself, and only said, *Fiat voluntas tua!* and bore it with a wonderful patience. It was a sad spectacle, and truly it affects me now whilst I am writing.'

After the fall of Barcelona, Lord Peterborough began his march to Valencia ; but he had not proceeded far when he received positive orders to attempt the relief of Santo Mattheo, a place of considerable importance, which was at that time besieged by the Conde de los Torres with upwards of three thousand men. The gallant Earl could not muster more than one thousand foot and two hundred horse. But his genius was fertile in expedients. He dispatched a letter to the governor of Santo Mattheo, to inform him that he was marching to assist him, and inviting him on the sight of his troops, to sally from the place, and to pursue and plunder the enemy which would be all that he would have to do. The Earl took care that this letter should be betrayed to the enemy, who caught the alarm, and precipitately drew off his army while the English general marched into the place without any interruption. The Earl made a feint of pursuing the flying foe, but adhered to his resolution of accomplishing his expedition to Valencia, and securing the possession of that capital. With a body of only two hundred horse, he spread terror every where around by the rapidity of his motions, the sagacity of his plans, and the boldness of his enterprizes. On his approaching the town of Nules, the fortifications of which were in the best repair of any in the kingdom, the garrison, struck with a panic, left the place to the care of one thousand of the town's people, who were well armed for its defence. The Earl, with his accustomed intrepidity, rode up to the gates, and threatened, as soon as his artillery arrived, to lay the town in ruins if a surrender were not agreed upon in six minutes time. The priests, who came out to speak to the Earl, carried this message into the place ; and the fears of the inhabitants caused a ready compliance with the demand.

The whole collective force of the Earl of Peterborough did not, at this period, amount to more than six hundred horse, and two thousand foot. Before he could reach Valencia, he had to make himself master of a strong pass over a river just under the walls of Morviedro. Morviedro, which lies at the bottom of a high hill, on the upper part of which the ruins of Saguntum are still seen, had in it at that time a competent garrison under the command of Brigadier Mahoni. The Earl, who was well aware of the difficulty of taking the place by force, resolved, if possible, to carry it by stratagem. For this purpose he invited Mahoni to an interview ; and having previously stationed his troops to advantage, he ordered that they should wind in a slow march up the side of a hill during the time of the conference. The

Earl first endeavoured to engage Mahoni in the interest of king Charles, but when he found him inflexible to all persuasions of this kind, he began to change his style.

' You see how near my forces are,' said he, ' and can hardly doubt our soon being masters of the place. What I would therefore offer you is a capitulation, that my inclination may be held in countenance by my honour. Barbarities, however justified by example, are my utter aversion, and against my nature ; and to testify so much, together with my good will to your person, was the main intent of this interview.'

Mahoni agreed to return an answer in half an hour, when he surrendered the place. The Duke of Arcos, with a very superior force, was placed on the other side of a very large plain, over which the Earl was obliged to pass. In order to elude the attack of the Duke, Lord Peterborough sent two spies, who were to inform him that

' They overheard the conference between the Earl and Mahoni ; and, at the same time, saw a considerable number of pistoles delivered into Mahoni's hands, large promises passing at that instant reciprocally ; but above all, that the Earl had recommended to him the procuring the march of the Duke over the plain between them. The spies went and delivered all according to concert ; concluding before the Duke that they would ask no reward, but undergo any punishment, if Mahoni did not very soon send to the Duke a request to march over the plain in order to put the concerted plot in execution. It was not long after this pretended discovery, before Mahoni did send, indeed, an officer to the Duke desiring the march of his forces over the plain ; but, in reality, to obstruct the Earl's passage, which he knew very well, must be that and no other way.'

But the Duke prepossessed by the previous information of the spies, and suspecting Mahoni's treachery, drew off his forces, and left the Earl to pursue his way without any opposition. On this, and on many other occasions, the Earl compensated the smallness of his force by a presence of mind which never forsook him in the most perilous moments, and which rendered him as fertile as Hannibal, or any other great general in those combinations of art which supply the defect of numbers, and which evince that knowledge of human nature which procures its own safety by a judicious application to the fears, the passions, and the interests of its adversaries.

As moralists, we cannot often commend the actions of heroes ; but as war is one of the evils which is destined to afflict the world, till the christian precepts of universal benevolence are universally practised, we think that those military strate-

gems, by which danger is eluded, defeat prevented, or victory secured, deserve as much praise as those conflicts of physical strength, where the success is more owing to brute force than to intellectual penetration. The present and the past condition of the world may almost induce us to believe that a state of war is the natural state of man; but this proposition is proved false when we consider that virtue, considered under its several heads of temperance, truth, justice, and benevolence, is the law of our nature; or in other words, that there is a reciprocal fitness between those virtues and the constitution of man. But, if this be the case, then a state of war cannot be the natural state of man; for the virtues of war are the vices of peace. A rigid observance of the great duties of truth, justice, and humanity, is incompatible with a state of war; and consequently war being opposite to that virtue, which is the law of our nature, or that state of action, to which our nature is best adapted by the author of our being, is most repugnant to our nature, and most offensive to God.

Lord Peterborough entered Valencia, without farther opposition, after having traversed a large tract of Spain with only a handful of troops, but by a singular conjunction of courage and address overcoming every obstacle in his way. Here the author tells us that the

‘Earl had a secret concern for the public, which lay gnawing at his heart, and which yet he was forced to conceal.’

The truth is, that he was almost entirely destitute of military resources except such as his own genius could supply; and the war which he could have terminated in the first instance, by securing Valencia, and then marching to the capital, seemed likely to be protracted to an indefinite extent by the folly of his employers, and at last to have an unfortunate result. With a body of only two thousand foot and six hundred horse, he again set out for Barcelona in order to oppose king Philip, who was on his march for that place with an army of upwards of twenty-five thousand men under the command of a marschal of France. But the Earl posted himself and his diminutive force so judiciously in the hills which surround the city of Barcelona, that the marschal was incapable of deriving any advantage from his great superiority of numbers, and was kept in perpetual alarm by the impetuous and incessant activity of the Earl, who constantly varied his situation, and, when most ardently sought, was always farthest off from being found. The military capacity of Peterborough never shone more resplendent than

on this occasion. The French, though perpetually harassed by the English forces, pressed the siege with great vigour; but on the arrival of the English fleet with a small reinforcement for the garrison, they suddenly abandoned the attempt, and left behind them most of their artillery, ammunition, and provisions. The whole collective force, which Lord Peterborough could muster on this occasion, including the recent reinforcement, did not exceed seven thousand foot and four hundred horse, or not one-third of the troops which were in possession of the enemy. But notwithstanding this, the French army instead of retiring into the interior of Spain, found such numerous obstacles placed in their way by the deliberate sagacity and wise precautions of the English general, that they were obliged to march towards the frontiers of France. If the councils of Lord Peterborough had after this been steadily pursued, and he had not himself been so soon superseded in the command by the Earl of Galway, who was greatly inferior to him in military capacity, the French would never have been able to place the grandson of Louis on the Spanish throne. After the departure of Lord Peterborough, the cause of the Archduke became gradually more desperate, and the two great victories of Alinagar and Saragossa, instead of retrieving his affairs, served only to accelerate the ruin of his cause.

Captain Carleton bestows high praises on the pleasures of Valencia, and says that, according to a Spanish proverb, they are '*such as would make a Jew forget Jerusalem.*' He particularly celebrates the profusion of female beauty in this enchanting spot. He mentions an imprudent adventure of two English officers, which, if it had not been for the humane and courteous interposition of Lord Peterborough, would have been productive of very fatal consequences.

The author informs us that it is customary for young people in an evening to go to the convents in order to have a little innocent chit chat with the nuns through the grate. Two of our countrymen embraced this opportunity of making love to two of the fair sisters who were immured in one of the convents at Valencia; and they prosecuted their suit with so much dexterity and success, that they actually prevailed on the two vestals to elope from their place of confinement. It was the custom of that convent for the nuns to take their turns every week in keeping the keys of all the doors. When the turn of one of these ladies came, they took care to apprise their lovers, who embraced the opportunity of carrying them off without any molestation. This notable affair, as might be expected, caused a great

*hue and cry* in the town and neighbourhood. The parents of the vestals vowed vengeance for the affront. The aggressors were soon known, but with difficulty they effected their escape. The poor nuns, however, who were basely deserted by their paramours, knew not where to fly. They were taken and were condemned to be immured or shut up within four narrow walls open only at the top, where they were to receive a small allowance of bread and water till they were gradually starved to death. The earl of Peterborough, who was highly exasperated against the two officers, was, at the same time, powerfully affected by the cruel fate which awaited the victims of their seduction. But he was obliged to be very cautious in his proceedings lest he should seem to countenance the act, which so forcibly outraged the public opinion of the Spaniards. The charitable intercessions of the earl were warmly opposed by the superiors of the convent, but particularly by the relations of the parties, who seemed to thirst for the gratification of their barbarous revenge. But the generous earl first got the penalty suspended, and afterwards, says Captain Carleton

‘ By the dint of a very considerable sum of money (a most powerful argument which prevails in every country) saved the poor nuns from immuring; and at last, though with great reluctance, he got them received again into the nunnery.’

Among other agreeable details, which are to be found in this volume, we ought to mention a very pleasing description of the mountain and hermitages of Montserrat. To this we may add the account which the author has given of the ceremony practised on the initiation of a nun; and of that source of recreation to a Spaniard termed a *bull feast*.

The military exertions of Captain Carleton in Spain were terminated by his being made prisoner at the siege of the castle of Denia; which was surrendered to the enemy by the perfidy of the governor. After this, he remained on his parole for three years at Sante Clemente de La Mancha, a place which has been rendered famous by the pen of Cervantes. Here Captain Carleton passed his time very pleasantly, and conciliated the esteem of the inhabitants by his amiable qualities. He seems to have been particularly wary not to offend the religious prejudices of the natives, by any ridicule or opposition. The *outward ceremonies* of religion, are things so indifferent in themselves, that a wise man will rather judge it more rational and becoming to conciliate good will by conformity, than to excite hatred and aversion by dissent.

We have on the whole perused these Memoirs with considerable satisfaction. They contain much information relative to a country whose noble exertions in favour of liberty and independence, are at this moment exciting our warmest admiration; and they possess indubitable marks of being the composition of a very intelligent, and what is more rare and more valuable, a truly honest man.

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ART. VII.—*Queenhoo Hall, a Romance; and Ancient Times, a Drama; By the late Joseph Strutt. 4 Vols, 12mo. Murray.*

IT does not frequently happen that we are called upon to estimate in the same writer the merits of deep and laborious research and those of imagination and fancy. Yet, however rarely they may be found united, there is every reason to wish that union a circumstance of more frequent occurrence. Although some metaphysical critics may be inclined to ridicule, or to deny, the fact, nevertheless, it is undoubtedly true, that there exists a propensity in human nature to magnify the value of things that are past, to attach dignity to the merest trifles which bear the stamp of antiquity, and to rake into the records of former ages for the counterparts of what, in the present, are deemed hardly worthy of our attention. The helmet, the hauberk, and the cuirass, nay even the slashed doublet, studded belt, and golden spur, are objects of high and mysterious interest on account of this imaginary value, although to the cold calculations of reason, the cocked hat and feather, the coat, waistcoat, breeches, and boots of an officer in the guards, are fully as respectable. Yet all the reasoning in the world cannot alter the common feelings of our nature. A host of military retainers with all the particulars of dress and equipage must (whether like Chinese painting, or not,) form a very interesting picture; while a full establishment of modern livery servants with the appendages of gold-headed canes, laced hats, and epaulets, is an object fit only for burlesque or satire.

The characters and manners of our ancestors are, in our opinion, (but we deliver it with great submission to the modern philosophers) no unwise nor unworthy objects of our curiosity. History itself, unaided by this active principle, becomes a mere detail of facts, or at best a dry and abstract speculation, without much practical use or profit. But when we learn to view the characters of which it treats in

their proper persons and habits, to converse with them in their own language, to enter with them into their houses and castles, to accompany them in their exercises of pleasure, business, or devotion, it is then that we are enabled to estimate properly the real dignity of history, and to derive the greatest possible advantage from the study of it.

We see no objection to the plan of mixing this useful and agreeable species of information with the productions of fancy. On the contrary, when the mind is already engaged by the progress of some entertaining fiction, the characters and manners which are introduced, make a stronger impression, and produce a warmer interest than they are capable of exciting in a work of mere abstract detail, or illustration. Whether poetry or prose be the vehicle in which it is conveyed, the practice appears to us equally deserving of praise and encouragement. One only limit seems necessary to be prescribed to its use, and that limit may be fixed by the judgment of the writer. Wherever the interest of the fable is so strong, or the action so rapid, as to reject unnecessary delay, all minuteness of description, nay even all reference to particularities in custom and manner should be avoided. The influence of passion is general and unaltered by age or climate; the operations of nature are invariable; and where any of these are intended to be very strongly pourtrayed, all attention to lesser objects irritates and disgusts the reader and entirely destroys the effect which is desired. In *Marmion*, for instance, the descriptions of the baron's person and retinue, of his reception at Norham castle, his entertainment at the board of his host, and even the conversation which passed at that entertainment, are perfectly admissible, and (were it not for certain defects which we have noticed on a former occasion, but which are independent of the present question) would be extremely just and pleasing. But when the writer breathes from the heat of battle and leads us away from his dying hero only to show us the Gothic characters inscribed on the tomb of Sybill Grey, we are most properly offended and tempted, at the moment, to exclaim, 'This is the very vice of antiquarian pedantry!' So, in the entertaining little volume before us, the extreme minuteness of detail with which the May-games and country-sports, the alehouse assemblies and village superstitions, are delineated, is extremely attractive and entertaining. No great action is delayed, no ruling interest checked by it. But when a lady, in relating the most melancholy and affecting circumstances of her life, circumstances which combine every degree of horror and passion, which force floods of tears from her eyes

at the bare remembrance, and are supposed to produce an effect hardly less powerful on the minds of her hearers, stops to tell us that 'she removed her *mantle*, but retained her *coat-hardy*, which she always wore when travelling in the summer ;' that her brother 'pulled off his *huke*, *mantle*, and *upper tunic*, which was no sooner done, than the hostess brought him her husband's sandy-cloak to throw over his shoulders,' that the girl of the house, at her request 'slipped on her *juppon*, and quitted the room without having laced the bosom of her *kirtel*,' that, 'entering a little further, she saw a *gisarme* stained with blood lying on the floor,' and (above all) that when, in the greatest anguish of mind, she reached her protector's house at Billericay, she was introduced into 'a hall hung with tapestry and the pavement strewed with clean rushes,' and 'accommodated with a carved stool, and cushion handsomely embroidered,' all the interest which we ought to have in the characters and in the fable, is exchanged for that afforded by a glossarial dictionary.

The plot of this romance is very simple and confined, so much so as to make it a great deal too evident that it could only be intended as a vehicle for antiquarian illustration ; and thus that which ought to be the appendage is in fact the principal object. Qr. enhoo hall, in Hertfordshire, is the baronial residence of Lord Boteler, a good old English knight of the fifteenth century. The ladies Matilda and Eleanor, (the niece and daughter of the baron) condescended, in the absence of the lord, to witness the celebration of May-day sports by the domestics and retainers of the house. Toward the conclusion of the games, a set of mummers unknown to any of the parties make their appearance, and a sort of mock tournament is presented, in which the victor, after throwing away his mummery weeds, and appearing in the form of a young and gallant knight, presents a magnificent chaplet of gold and precious stones to the Lady Matilda, and hails her 'sovereign of the May.' He then departs without any further explanation, and nobody knows what course he has taken.

The mystery attending upon this occurrence occupies the conversation of the fair cousins for a day or two till the baron returns and informs them that he expects the young lord St. Clere (a favourite of the king's) to take up his residence for a few days at Queenhoo hall. In the mean time they chance to meet a young lady whose person and manner excites in them a very considerable interest, and who had lived for some weeks past at the cottage of the baron's ran-

ger in a state of concealment. She is persuaded to accompany them to the mansion-house, and exchange her poor lodging for a more convenient apartment. In the course of conversation, Matilda relates the events of May-day, and shews the mysterious chaplet, at sight of which the stranger swoons away. On recovering, she proceeds to explain the cause of her extraordinary agitation, and relates the history of her life, which includes the greatest part of the book. It is the relation of the supposed murder of her brother and only friend by robbers, and of her own subsequent adventures, dangers, and distresses, in attempting to recover her birth-right, which had been invaded by a covetous and unprincipled kinsman ; but it is not distinguished by a sufficient variety of incident to atone for its great prolixity and minuteness of detail. Within a few days after she has finished, the expected guest arrives, and in him Matilda discovers the victor at the tournament, and Lady Emma Darcy recognizes the dear brother whom she believed to be dead. Meanwhile Gaston, the wicked cousin, forms a design to surprise and murder Emma ; and a new character is all at once raised up in a certain Lord Fitzosborne, merely to rescue the intended victim and punish the perfidious miser.

Saint Clerc then marries Matilda, Eleanor finds a husband in Lord Fitzalan, (who is often mentioned, but to no great purpose before,) and the upstart Fitzosborne is rewarded for his gratuitous gallantry by the hand of Emma.

There is an underplot among the domestics, also, which is by far the most entertaining part of the book ; and upon this the author has bestowed all the treasures of his curious lore without any interruption of graver matters or any sacrifice of interest.

Upon the whole, we think ourselves obliged to say, that Queenhoo Hall is a tedious performance notwithstanding many amusing and characteristic bits. It is one of those books with which we are entertained, but not interested, as we proceed, which we take up with pleasure, but lay down without regret, which keeps us in good humour while we are reading, but does not leave much behind it that we can praise or recommend. It is very diffuse and inartificial as a story ; as a picture of the times, particularly among the lower orders of people, it is exact and familiar ; and it will add to Mr. Strutt's reputation as an antiquarian, if it does not establish for him the character of a strong and lively imagination.

The drama of 'Ancient Times' it had probably been wiser to suppress than publish, not on account of any glaring faults, but for the total absence of all distinguished merit.

ART. VIII.—*A Practical Treatise of Powers.* By Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. Reed.

WE fully agree with Mr. Sugden that the Essay on Powers published by Mr. Powel, is not such a work as to render a further illustration of the same subject superfluous; and we think it will be generally admitted by the profession that Mr. Sugden himself has supplied the deficiency which still remained in the best and most useful manner. It is no small praise to a work of this description that the style is clear, simple, and concise; that the author neither absurdly attempts to strew the dry and regular path of the law with flowers, (as is the fashion among many contemporary writers) nor pedantically adheres to the stiff and technical quaintness of our musty ancestors. When to this we add, that his arrangement of the subject is lucid, his information correct, and his conclusions (as far as we have been able to estimate them) generally just and of practical utility, we have said all that the nature of the work can admit.

One of the most striking points of observation to a general reader is the great, and in some instances we fear, hurtful extent to which courts of equity have carried their interference in the plain and simple rules of law, an interference which has, perhaps, occasioned more mischief by the vast encouragement of litigation, than good by the particular cases in which it has promoted the ends of true justice, and corrected hardship and oppression. In the earlier periods of the existence of this most singular branch of our constitution, while men guided themselves of necessity less by precedent than by the circumstances of every new case, it required the soundest judgment to abstain from violating the principles of law in almost every instance of apparent hardship arising from its execution.

Among the great men who have held the seals from Elizabeth's time to our own, some undoubtedly were clear-sighted enough to ascertain with precision in what cases they could make use of their unbounded privilege of equity to the general advancement of justice, and in what they were likely to involve themselves and their successors in difficulties to the mischief of which the hardship of the individual case bore no proportion. But many, with the best intentions and the soundest knowledge of the law, did not possess minds sufficiently vigorous to resist the pressure of circumstances, nor sufficiently capacious to estimate the effect of their decisions upon the general system which they tended to modify.

The consequence is that in many notorious instances,

the courts of equity find themselves at the present day entangled by precedents which ought never to have existed, which they would most gladly dispense with, at the same time that they feel (and rightly feel) that the abandonment of them, however injurious, would itself be the very worst of precedents.

It seems, however, to be now the general leaning of the courts not to exceed, even in the smallest degree, the strict measure of former cases; and, though such an inclination is undoubtedly wise and necessary, yet it must be confessed that not unfrequently the conclusions to which it leads involve a considerable degree of apparent absurdity.

The strange doctrine respecting 'illusory appointments' which has obtained for much more than a century in the courts, affords no improper illustration of the above remarks. A general power to appoint among certain persons, leaving the ratio of appointment at the disposal of the owner of the power, any execution of the power complying with the strict letter of it, by leaving something, however small, to each of its objects, could not, at law, be impugned. But equity took upon herself to say (with how much injustice, as a general rule is evident;) 'all the objects of this power were meant to be substantially benefited—you shall therefore appoint to all, if not *equal* shares, at least, shares not *so unequal* as virtually to exclude any one from the benefit he was intended to receive.' From the day when that doctrine was first held to the present, it is easy to imagine how strangely the courts have fluctuated in their construction of this vague and indefinite rule. They have long seen the impropriety of its having ever been adopted, but cannot now get out of the chains of precedent which tie them down. The last decisions on the subject go only so far as to say that the very smallest share which has been allowed in any former case shall be the measure of future executions. From this arbitrary establishment of a certain ratio, where none whatever is afforded by the nature of the thing, the following absurdity ensues. For the sake of complying with the *supposed* intention of the grantor, an appointment of 10*l*. may be considered as a defective, and one of ten guineas, as a valid, execution of the power he has given, although it is merely certain that both sums are equally consistent with, or equally repugnant to, his genuine meaning. If he intended (the supposition of which is the only pretence for interference) that *all* should be intrinsically benefited, then so trifling a sum as either ten pounds or ten guineas must have been equally out of his contemplation, when the sum given, if equally divided, would have

produced five hundred or a thousand pounds for every share. If on the other hand (which is at least equally probable in the *reason of things*) he meant that the person empowered by him should have the uncontrolled discretion of appointing among the persons he has named, then it is equally agreeable to his intention that ten guineas, or ten pounds, or ten shillings, should be the amount of the smallest share appointed.

This, however, by no means tends to impeach the wisdom with which the rule, however inconsistent, has at least been established. Hampered as it is by precedents, it is perhaps impossible that the court could have adopted any one more generally just, and involving less of incongruity and absurdity.

We will subjoin by way of specimen of Mr. Sugden's method of treatment, his statement of, and general conclusion from, the late cases upon which that rule has been founded.

"Thus the doctrine stood till the late case of *Butcher v. Butcher*, in which the master of the rolls, after delivering the most luminous and argumentative judgment perhaps in the books, held, that as no case had been found in which a sum of the amount in the case before him had been declared illusory, there was no ground upon which he thought himself justified in determining that this was an invalid appointment. He summed up the difficulties attending this branch of equitable jurisdiction in a few words. 'To say, under such a power an illusory share must not be given, or that a substantial share must be given, is rather to raise a question than establish a rule. What is an illusory share, and what is a substantial share? Is it to be judged of upon a mere statement of the sum given, without reference to the amount of the fortune which is the subject of the power? If so, what is the sum that must be given to exclude the interference of the court? What is the limit of amount at which it ceases to be illusory and begins to be substantial? If it is to be considered with reference to the amount of the fortune, what is the proportion, either of the whole, or of the share, that would belong to each upon an equal division?'

"In the case of *Butcher v. Butcher*, there were nine persons, and the fund amounted to about 1700*l.* To some of the children 200*l.* 3 per cents only were given; so that reckoning the stock at even 20 per cent, the share did not exceed a hundred and twenty-second part of the fund. In the next case which came before the master of the rolls, the fund was 2500*l.* South sea annuities, and there were only two objects of the power; to one 100*l.* stock was given, and the residue to the other. The first therefore had only a twenty-fifth share; and the master of the rolls referring to his former decision, held the appointment not illusory. Another case arose soon afterwards, in which the fund was 2500*l.* There were five objects

of the power. To some the donee of the power gave only a share which amounted to  $33l. 6s. 8d.$  each, when, upon an equal division, they would have been entitled to  $500l.$  each. The master of the rolls said that he adhered to the rule he laid down in *Butcher v. Butcher*; that he would go as far as he was bound by authority and no farther. Shew me, he added, a case in which a specific sum, or an equal proportion of what would be the share of each object of the appointment upon an equal division, has been held to be illusory, and I will in the same case make the same decision. And, after shewing that *Kemp v. Kemp*\* was an authority only as to the  $10l.$ , and did not turn upon the  $50l.$ , he determined that the appointment was good, as the sum of  $33l. 6s. 8d.$  was not the same specific sum, or the same proportion of the share of each child, upon an unequal division, that had been in any former case held to be illusory.

'In the foregoing case, with reference to the whole fund, the share given was only equal to about a seventy-fifth of it; and in another case, which occurred a month afterwards, and is the last case on the subject, the disproportion was still greater. The fund amounted to about  $7100l.$  and there were nine objects of the power, seven of whom had only about  $71l.$  apiece given to them. The point was given up in argument: and the master of the rolls thought that there was nothing in an objection taken that there might be more children, there was so little probability, under the circumstances, that the shares would ever be reduced below the standard under which he had said he should consider himself bound by the authorities.

'The result of the authorities, then, is rather a negative than an affirmative rule. Lord Alvanley has determined that where a party is in default of appointment to take a third share, a gift of a hundred and ninetieth share to him is illusory†; and here at length the line appears to have been drawn; so that any share which squared by this rule would exceed that in amount, is not illusory. As the rule is now established, some of the objects may in effect be excluded; therefore, where it is intended that a party shall have a power to divide the fund amongst several objects in substantial proportions according to his discretion, but shall not be at liberty to give merely a nominal share to any; the smallest sum which the person creating the power would wish each of the objects in any event to have, should be named; and it should be expressly declared that the donee of the power shall not appoint a less sum to any one of the objects.' P. 405—407.

\* A case decided by Lord Alvanley, and the last, in order of time, before that of *Butcher v. Butcher*. —The circumstances of that case are stated by Mr. S. in a preceding paragraph.

† That being the ratio in the case of *Kemp v. Kemp* before cited.

*Art. IX.—A more extended Discussion in favour of Liberty of Conscience, recommended by the Rev. Christopher Wyvill. Johnson. 1808.*

MR. WYVILL is one of the few persons, whose lives have been marked by an uniform consistency in maintaining the great principles of civil and of religious liberty. The principles which Mr. Wyvill defended in his youth, he has not deserted in his age. Changes of circumstances have made no change in his character nor his conduct. He knows, he feels, and he reveres, the immutability of truth. In his pure and upright mind, truth and falsehood are not conventional and fluctuating things; their differences are fixed, permanent, and eternal. The advances of age, the dark and turbid aspect of the political horizon, and the convulsed state of the nations of Europe, have not been able to alter, to shake, or to subvert the principles which Mr. Wyvill espoused in an earlier period, when the ardour of youth invigorated the love of liberty, and when the political hemisphere of Europe was more unclouded and serene. Freedom has never for a moment relinquished her hold on his understanding or his heart; and the augmented experience of years has served to convince him that it is not to the principles of civil or of religious liberty, but to the neglect of those principles that we may trace the miseries of Europe; and that it is only by a penitential recurrence to those principles, and a constant obedience to their immortal precepts, that the present distractions of the world can be composed, and that genuine tranquillity and happiness can be secured. It is time to have done with autocrats and popes, with secular and with spiritual despots of every description, whether in ermine, in purple, or in lawn. The tragedy of temporal and of spiritual domination has been acted long enough; the hypocritical pageantry may have cheated the senses, but nothing but murder, cruelty, and injustice, have been perpetrated under the mask.

Mr. Wyvill was formerly the associate of Mr. Pitt, when the bosom of that gentleman, who was not yet minister, glowed, or seemed to glow, with the flame of liberty. To this appearance, for the event proved that it was nothing but appearance, Mr. Pitt was indebted for his first elevation to power, and for the transports of popular applause with which his administration seemed so auspiciously to begin. But Mr. Pitt had no love of liberty, except as far as it was identified with his personal lust of power. All his early professions, therefore, of a desire to renovate and to improve

the constitutional liberties of his country, were abandoned as soon as they had served his turn. Like the ladders, by which ambition rises to the pinnacle of power, they were kicked down when they could not enable him to mount to a greater height.

Mr. Wyvill, though he was seriously affected by the apostacy of Mr. Pitt, was not seduced by the example to imitate the crime. He continued to pursue the same temperate plan of civil and ecclesiastical reformation, which his reason and his conscience told him to be necessary to avert the destruction of his country. During the hurricane of the French revolution, where there was a conflict of opposing interests, of prejudices and passions, greater than had ever been experienced before, and when the wild hubbub seemed to shake the very centre of the moral world, Mr. Wyvill and his friends, like wise and constant men, did not, as many less honest or less virtuous men did, cut asunder the sheet anchor of their principles, and suffer themselves to be drifted in the same vessel of despair with the alarmists by the fury of the storm. No; they knew that neither the madness of courts, nor the tumult of the people, nor the falling of thrones, nor the wreck of nations, could alter the nature of freedom and of truth. They knew that, notwithstanding a long intermediate state of turbulence and confusion, the principles which they had defended would be finally acknowledged; and that it would be necessary to resort to them in order to avert the misery which their abandonment had occasioned. Such a period seems at last to have arrived.

**WHENCE DO THE EVILS UNDER WHICH EUROPE HAS GROANED FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS PROCEED, BUT FROM A SHAMELESS DERELICTION OF THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY?**

Whence have ensued the subversion of so many governments, and the subjugation of so many nations by the ambition of France? Whence if not from the inherent nature of despotism, which never can command the warm, the zealous, the affectionate support of its subjects?

If this country have hitherto been able to resist the arms of France, she is indebted for this favour solely to the remnant of liberty which she still retains. But, in proportion as France succeeds in condensing the minor despotisms of the continent into one mighty tyranny under the sceptre of Bonaparte, more necessary will it be for us to cherish this spirit of freedom, to increase its activity, and to diffuse its influence, on which alone at this moment our self-preservation as a state depends. It behoves us seriously to examine

what are the rotten and defective parts of our civil and ecclesiastical constitution, and to lose no time in applying the necessary repairs. It is the duty, and in this critical juncture not less the duty than the interest of the government, to inspire the people with the enthusiastic ardour of liberty that they may be willing cheerfully to submit not only to every privation, but even to death itself in defence of their country.

Slaves have no country which they can call their own; or at least which they feel to be worth fighting for. Though they, as well as free-men, must have a place of nativity; yet that place is associated with none of those causes of animation and endearment by which the genius of liberty connects her sons with their natal soil. The slave has no feelings of personal dignity to connect with the honour and independence of his nominal country. If that country be subdued by a foreign foe, a change of masters is the only evil which he can endure. And this evil will not be unaccompanied with the hope of good; for he, whose present circumstances present nothing but the aspect of gloom and suffering, will always think that he may be benefited by a change of situation. Some pleasureable expectations of an ameliorated condition will cross his path, even while he is advancing to a worse but *new* species of subjugation. But known evils are always in the fallaciousness of human estimates greater than the unknown. The governments of the continent would not have fallen so easily before the sword of the French, if the rulers had not been despots and the people slaves. The people had nothing to fight for; and their condition under a new yoke could hardly be worse and might be better than it was under the old. That heroic courage which will brave death, and make its life a willing offering on the altar of patriotism, may animate a free man, but is not to be expected in a slave.

Demosthenes remarks, that a despotic government is necessarily and instinctively hostile to a free, particularly when both possess an adjacent territory. If this observation be just, **FREE BRITAIN** must constitute an object of implacable hostility to despotic France, as long as Britain preserves her liberty, and France retains her servitude. But it is this liberty which, while it renders this country the object of Gallie animosity, constitutes her best, her safest, her only **SELF-PRESERVING POWER**. A nation of men, truly free and worthy of freedom, need not dread the most vindictive hostility of any despotism, whatever may be its magnitude or its force.

Hence the safety of the British monarchy is more than ever identified with the liberties of the people. Hence the government of this country is more than ever interested in enlarging the liberties of the subject, and in correcting those abuses which time alone will imperceptibly introduce into every civil and ecclesiastical constitution. Mr. Wyvill, in the present publication, is anxious to direct the attention of the country to the repeal of those statutes of intolerance which still disgrace the religious and the social polity of the state; and to establish that unboninded liberty of conscience which accords with the most elaborate deductions of reason, and the most sublime precepts of revelation. Civil liberty can not exist without religious; and though a high comparative degree of religious liberty has for many years been enjoyed in this country, yet the late proceedings against Mr. Stone are a palpable dereliction of that tolerant spirit, which had heretofore been cherished and practised in this country. And if we are to place any credit in a menace which was dropped by one of the counsel for the prosecution, this act of intolerance is to be followed by the exercise of a still more unchristian persecution. Yet, notwithstanding this indecent threat, we trust that the government will be too wise to follow the suggestions of the advocate; but if they do follow it, we are certain it will be productive of consequences which will endanger the very safety of the empire. These are not fit days for protestant governments to place popish inquisitors over the consciences of men. The age is too much enlightened for the dangerous experiment; and we think that those, who attempt it, may read their fate without our assistance.

Mr. Wyvill thinks that much good has been done to the cause of religious liberty by the late discussions which have taken place in parliament, on the question of catholic emancipation. That question was certainly supported in the two houses by the most powerful arguments; and those arguments were combated only by frivolous objections. But the arguments, though strong and indeed unanswerable in their kind, took rather the ground of expediency than of right, and the present state of Ireland was more urged than those principles of religious liberty which furnish the most solid support to the claims of the catholics, not only in the present moment of danger, but in all seasons and at all times; not only in the tumult of war but in the tranquillity of peace. We do not wish any concessions to the catholics nor to any other sect, so much from the instigations of fear as from a sense of right; not so much from any dread of their opposi-

tion, if their petition be not granted, as from a conviction that they ask no more than it is our duty to bestow. Times of peril are indeed usually those when governments are most willing to lend a favourable ear to the discussions of right. Where men would otherwise be unwilling to relax the rigours of oppression, terror may lend a reasonable aid to the cogency of truth. But it is not by forced but gratuitous, not by constrained but by voluntary concessions, not by waiting till clamour is provoked and the sense of injury insuriates the passions, but by anticipating the feeling of injustice and preventing the effects by the boon of an unforced benevolence, that any government can secure the affections of its subjects. To give merely because we cannot withhold any longer, or because our selfishness is inferior only to our fears, is to confer no boon, and to merit no thanks. It is not to be generous but base. But yet such is the way which most governments take to be bountiful, to redress the wrongs or to acknowledge the rights of their subjects; and thus they rather alienate than conciliate affection. They usually suffer the favourable moment of concession to glide away, and by never making any addition to the popular stock of civil and religious liberty till they cannot do otherwise, they do not put in even one pretension to gratitude till they have merited heart-felt execration.

We have no doubt that the assent of the government will finally be given to the petitions of the catholics; but it will not be given, till after it has been so repeatedly denied, that it will appear to be rather a matter of necessity than of choice. Instead of being regarded with gratitude as the free-will offering of spontaneous beneficence, it will rather be considered as a triumph over the weakness and the fears of an enemy and oppressor. The favourable moment for granting all that the catholics ask was that of the union. If the measure of emancipation had then been voluntarily conceded by the government, it would have been received with an enthusiastic ardour of attachment that would instantly have appeased the discontents of Ireland, and have consolidated the interests and the affections of the empire. But at the moment of the union, the emancipation of the catholics instead of being gratuitously conceded was only hypocritically promised, and that promise was perfidiously broken.

But though the government of this country have omitted the most favourable opportunity of doing justice to the catholics, they have still the means of securing a large share of popular applause, and of exciting even the enthusiastic ardour of public gratitude by instantly conferring on a large, a highly respectable, erudite, and virtuous body of

christians in this country, a favour which they have not hitherto solicited, and which therefore will have all that salutary influence on the public mind which acts of free and spontaneous beneficence and patriotism cannot fail to produce. By the 9th and 10th of William III. the whole society of christians who maintain the strict literal unity of the Godhead, and who worship according to the principles of reason and the precepts of Christ, one only God, are placed under the impending axe of a statute, which would have disgraced even a period of the most sanguinary persecution. Let the present ministers instantly repeal the unchristian clauses of this barbarous law: and if in addition to this act of enlightened liberality they will substitute a few simple and truly scriptural articles, such as we mentioned in p 324 of our last number, for the present thirty-nine complex, scholastic, and ambiguous propositions, and order a reformation of the liturgy on the plan of Dr. Clarke, so as to exclude that uncertain and polemical matter, which, instead of conduced to edification only engenders strife, they will render their names immortal, and will secure the heart-felt gratitude and the willing praise not only of the present generation but of the remotest posterity.

But if the government want either the wisdom or the virtue to do this unasked, we trust that accumulated petitions will hereafter be brought before parliament in favour of the measure, and that the question itself will be debated in parliament, and discussed both in conversation and in print, till such a general conviction of its reasonableness is produced as will make even an unwilling cabinet comply with the demand. The great object of Mr. Wyvill's pamphlet is to invite this discussion, and to render it as general as possible.

'Considering,' says Mr. W., 'the cause of religious liberty to have been much advanced by the late debates, but seeing reason to fear final disappointment from the event of a peace, and from other contingencies which may be foreseen and are not even improbable, ought not the friends of religious liberty to seize the favourable opportunity now offered by the circumstances of the country to extend the field of discussion, and to reinforce the arguments which seem calculated only to obtain from the prudence or the humane feelings of the legislature some small and partial boon, by representing the grand considerations of religious duty; by which, when clearly stated, every attempt to bias men in the choice of their religion, whether by terror, or by sordid motives of emolument, must be condemned? And as it is the acknowledged duty

of all men diligently to examine the doctrines of religion, and openly to profess what may appear to them to be the truth, it surely ought not to be considered a hopeless and impracticable enterprise to which they are invited; neither could their conduct be justly construed as engaging in a mode of argument disrespectful to our parliament, should they proceed still further to state, with all becoming deference, that from such premises the just consequence is, that it is the duty of the legislature to repeal every law by which the misguided zeal of former ages has infringed that most sacred right to the free choice and free profession of religion; this is the ground on which, sooner or later, christian liberty will be restored; and on any narrower principles it were unreasonable to expect it. And never may the advocates of this inestimable right, in this country, hope to find a fitter occasion than the present, for entering into this most arduous, but necessary, controversy!

‘Already a small but truly respectable band of persons have declared their approbation of the proposed attempt, and testified their adherence to the principles on which it will be conducted.\* To more, the plan has been communicated; and by them it has been very generally approved, though they have not yet borne that testimony in its favour which has been given by others. They who have at this early period thus generously stood forward with the proposer of this attempt, are members of our established church; and such is he also himself. Among them one exception alone is known; one dissentent<sup>t</sup> only from the church has signed the paper alluded to, whom, for his own great character, and that of his venerable father-in-law,‡ it was their honour to admit among them. And he who now stands before the nation, to invite the truly liberal christians of every sect and denomination to contribute their assistance, does it, he trusts, with all due deference and respect for the opinion of the public: but he does it fearlessly, and with perfect satisfaction of mind, because he is conscious he is acting on the best principles of our holy religion. They are the principles so nobly maintained by Hoadly, Clarke, and Locke; they are the principles on which alone protestants can justify their separation from the church of Rome; on which alone christianity can accomplish the gracious purpose of its divine Author, can become the religion of the world, and the source of continual improvement in virtue and happiness to all mankind.

To the liberal, among their brethren of the established church, he and his friends look with confidence for their concurrence; and in whatever proportion they may be found to give it, their assis-

\* By signing a petition to parliament for the repeal of every law against the liberty of conscience.

† The Rev. Dr. Disney.

‡ The Rev. archdeacon Blackburne.

tance will be highly valued ; their conduct will be marked by the generosity which prompts them to extend that redress to others, which they want not for themselves ; and it will at least be creditable to the church, whose members, in any considerable number, manifest this truly christian spirit. To the numerous class of catholics, and the almost equally numerous sects of protestants who differ from our church, they look with not less confidence for their approbation and cordial co-operation : and, thus supported, they trust, their plea for unlimited toleration will not be offered to parliament in vain, in the succeeding session.

‘ And since nothing which can tend to promote the acquisition of religious freedom ought to be deemed an unimportant matter, or unworthy of attention by persons of competent ability and of honest zeal for the restoration of that invaluable right, let it be considered, whether it would, or would not, be advantageous to this best of causes, if the subject were to receive a more extended discussion than has yet been given it, in papers which are widely circulated through the country, in magazines, &c. Numerous classes of the people most liable to be prejudiced against every measure for restoring the rights of conscience, would thus find that information which they want, and would be prepared to maintain against the arts and efforts of intolerant men *the justice and piety* as well as *the policy and humanity* of repealing every law which restrains or discourages the free exercise of reason in matters of religion. Till at last what all men feel would be owned by all—that religion is every man’s grand concern, and ought to be left to his free and unbiased choice. And hence parliaments, also, would feel that they have exceeded their just power when they have attempted to terrify men by any punishment, or to seduce them by any emolument held forth by the laws, as inducements to prevaricate and to stifle the decisions of their conscience in the choice and profession of religion. And when these most salutary impressions shall have been made on the mind of the public and of the parliament, then and not till then shall we behold the rights of conscience willingly restored to all men, and the spread of rational religion promoted by the free exercise of reason ; then, and not till then, will hypocrisy and the false zeal of bigotry and fanaticism be effectually beaten down by the prevalence of the true gospel spirit of candour, sincerity, and benevolence. But it must not be expected that this will be found an easy task, or that much can be done towards its accomplishment in a short time, and by a few short letters or essays, however forcibly they may be written. The contest will undoubtedly be long and arduous ; and it is much to be feared that no cogency of argument will convince the bigots of intolerance that they are wrong ; and not less to be feared perhaps that no degree of mildness and candour in the whole course and conduct of the intended discussion, on the part of those who may maintain the cause of universal toleration, will prevent those calumnious misrepresentations, those bursts of rage and rancour which in similar disputes have been before ex-

perienced from the advocates of intolerance. Under circumstances of such extreme difficulty, the writer trusts that it may be allowed to a man aged as he is, and not altogether unexperienced in debates, sometimes respecting civil affairs, and sometimes respecting those also which concern religious liberty, to suggest his council to persons younger, and far ablest than himself to bear a part in the projected controversy. What he would most earnestly represent to them is, that they must be temperate, or they will do more harm than good; that they must persevere, or better would it be that they should not begin; they never must forget that the weapons they have to fight with are those furnished by reason and the gospel; and it will be their first duty so to press their antagonists in the true spirit of religion, that in the course of their dispute not a word, if possible, may escape them, which prudence would wish to recall, or benevolence would disown. The times are truly critical, perils on every side surround us; but fortunately for the friends of toleration the danger of a revolution so insidiously insisted on before by a late great and inconsistent minister, as the sufficient reason for our acquiescence\* in measures destructive to national liberty, cannot be apprehended now by the most timid, as a consequence likely to result from their virtuous endeavours in favour of the rights of conscience. Whatever danger may justly be apprehended to arise in the prosecution of this discussion lies all on the side of intolerance. If the clamors of bigots and the calumnies of corrupt politicians should too long prevail over the pleas of sound policy and humanity, and against the christian rule of justice, **TO DO TO OTHERS AS WE WOULD THAT OTHERS SHOULD DO TO US**, then indeed let the fawning sycophants of power, who support that injustice which they condemn, look with fearful apprehension to Ireland; for they will have much to dread: then let this misguided nation tremble at the near approach of that revolution, which may with reason be expected to explode from the rage of disappointed millions. May God in his mercy avert those dreaded evils; may his providence ordain that far better, far wiser dispositions shall be found to influence, before it be too late, those who govern and those who are governed; and may that conduct which is calculated to conciliate our exasperated brethren, to secure this widely-extended empire from internal convulsions and from foreign subjugation, and at last to establish christian peace, benevolence, and liberty, for ever among us, be the happy result of those better and wiser dispositions. But should the event prove far otherwise; should every attempt to promote the benign disposition of the gospel too long prove unsuccessful, should repeated disappointments and repeated insults at last goad the Irish to desperation and madness, and should confusion be the unhappy

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\* The laws alluded to were not acquiesced in by the nation: by the minister, at that time, they were suffered to expire; and it may be hoped that such measures will not again be resorted to.

consequence in their part of the empire; in that situation of extreme peril and distress, it would be the utmost consolation to the early declared friends of unlimited liberty of conscience to reflect, that their conduct as churchmen engaged in the support of that cause had been uniformly marked by a truly christian spirit; by the constant candour of their controversial writings; and by their impartial endeavour that justice might be done to all who differ from the religion of the state. And should their virtuous efforts be assisted in the course of this discussion by any considerable proportion of those persons who adhere with them to that religion, the generous zeal of churchmen like themselves co-operating with them to diffuse the true principles of gospel-benevolence and christian liberty, would afford to their then-distracted country the best or only ground of hope, that wiser counsels and a happier temper might even then prevail; that the impending revolution, and dismemberment of Ireland, with their inseparable train of crimes and calamities, might even then be averted by a perfect reconciliation with their Irish brethren.'

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**ART. X.—*The Gúlistán, or Rose Garden.* By Musle Hudeen Shaik Sády, of Sheraz. Translated from the Original by Francis Gladwin. 8vo. Black, Parry, and Kingsbury. 1808.**

'RELYING,' says the author of this beautiful performance, with which Mr. Gladwin has favoured us with an excellent translation, 'on the liberal disposition of the great, who shut their eyes on the defects of the humble, and strive not to expose the faults of inferiors, I have in a summary form comprised in this book morals and choice tales, embellished with verses and relations of meritorious deeds of kings; in collecting materials for which I have spent a considerable part of my life. These were my reasons for writing the Gúlistan. May God favour me with his aid! The verses and recitals will last for years, when every particle of dust of which I am compounded, will be dispersed. The intention in drawing this picture is that it may remain after me, seeing that existence is fleeting, unless a devout person should one day out of compassion, bestow his blessing on the works of the Durwaishes. Having maturely deliberated on the general arrangement of the book, the order of the chapters, and abridging the style of the language, it seemed advisable that this verdant garden, planted like paradise, should also resemble it by having eight gates; and I abridged the work that it might not be thought tedious.'

The contents of the chapters are

'I. On the Morals of Kings. II. On the Morals of Durwaishes.'

III. On the excellency of Contentment. IV. On the advantage of Silence. V. On Love and Youth. VI. On Weakness and old Age. VII. On the force of Education. VIII. Rules for the conduct of Life.'

Under each of these heads we meet with a variety of penetrating and instructive observations, enlivened by short but interesting and appropriate tales. We shall not insert many of the tales at length, but shall make a rather copious collection of the moral sentences, acute sayings, judicious maxims, and prudential observations which are scattered through the work, and which discover no small knowledge of human life and no small insight into human nature. In the first chapter which relates to the *morals of kings* the author evinces a more thorough knowledge of the real interests and the political duties of sovereigns than could be expected from one who from his infancy had breathed the despotic air of Asia and been inured to that idolatrous adulation which is addressed to the ears of eastern kings.

The two following tales which we extract from the first chapter shew that the author entertained a just hatred of tyranny, and a proper feeling for the best interests of mankind.

Tale XI. 'A certain tyrannical king asked a religious man; What kind of devotion will be most meritorious for me to perform. He replied; That you sleep at noon because in that one moment you will not oppress mankind. When I saw a tyrant sleeping at noon, I said, He is a tyrant, it is best that he should be overcome with sleep. He who is better asleep than awake, death is preferable to such an evil life.'

Tale XXVIII. 'A solitary Durwaish had taken up his abode in a corner of a desert. The king passed him, and the Durwaish, because retirement is the kingdom of contentment, did not lift up his head nor shew any signs of politeness. The monarch, conscious of his superior dignity, was chagrined and said; This tribe of ragged mendicants resemble the brute beasts. His vizier said to the Durwaish; When the monarch of the terrestrial globe passed by you, why did you not do him homage, nor behave even with good manners? He replied; tell the monarch of the earth to expect service from him who hopes to receive benefits; and let him know also that the monarch is for the protection of his subjects, and not the subjects for the service of the king. The king is the sentinel of the poor, although affluence, pomp, and power, are his portion. The sheep are not for the shepherd, but the shepherd is for their service. To day you will see one prosperous and another labouring under an afflicted heart; wait only a few days, when the earth will consume the brains of the vain thinker. The difference between royalty and

servitude ceases, when the decrees of fate are fulfilled. If any one should open the grave, he could not distinguish the rich man from the poor. This speech of the Durwaish made a favourable impression on the king, who commanded him to make known his wishes. He replied, I desire you not to trouble me again. The king said; Give me good advice; He replied; Reflect while you enjoy power, that wealth and dominion pass from one to another.'

Many of the following sentences which we have selected from the first chapter, convey a good deal of meaning in a few words, and are the product of a vigorous and penetrating mind.

'Imagine not every desert to be empty, for perhaps a tyger may be there asleep.' \*\*\* 'Ten Durwaishes may sleep upon one blanket, but one kingdom cannot contain two kings.' \*\*\* 'The tree that has only just taken root, may be pulled up by the strength of a man, but should it continue some time in that state, it could not be eradicated even by a windlass.' \*\*\* 'It is possible to stop the course of a spring with a bodkin, which, when formed into a full stream, cannot be forded by an elephant.'

The strength of vicious habit has not often been more happily expressed than in the two sentences quoted above.

\*\*\* 'How can any one form a good sword of bad iron? \*\*\* 'If the bat's eye seeth not in the day, what fault is on that account to be imputed to the sun?' \*\*\* 'A tyrant cannot govern a kingdom as a wolf cannot perform the office of a shepherd. The tyrannic prince saps the foundation of his own empire.' \*\*\* 'The king who suffers the poor to be oppressed, will find, in the day of adversity, his friends become powerful foes. Be on good terms with your subjects, and sit down secure from the attack of your enemy; for to a just monarch, his subjects are an army.' \*\*\* 'There is difference between him who clasps his mistress in his arms, and him whose eyes are fixed on the door expecting her.' \*\*\* 'Fear him who feareth you, although you be able to cope with an hundred such.' \*\*\* 'The poor and the rich are servants of this earth, and those who are richest have the greatest wants.'

If the despots of the continent had attended to the following admonition, they would not have found Bonaparte such an invincible foe.

'Shew mercy to the weak peasant that you may not experience difficulty from a strong enemy.' \*\*\* 'He liveth in dread who befriendeth not the poor, for should his foot slip, no one layeth hold of his hand.' \*\*\* 'Rectitude is the means of conciliating the divine favour; I never saw any one lost on a straight road.' \*\*\* 'Repine not at the versatility of fortune, for patience is bit-

ter, but the fruit is sweet.' \*\*\* 'If you are not able to endure the sting, put not your finger into the scorpion's hole.' \*\*\* 'The burning flame from wild rue raises not such a smoke as is occasioned by the sighs of the afflicted heart.' \*\*\* 'If you wish that God should be bountiful to you, do good unto his creatures.' \*\*\* 'Excuse him who hath conferred continual benefits, if during the course of your life he doeth you only a single injury.' \*\*\* 'In order to boil your well-wishers pot it is advisable to burn all your furniture.' \*\*\* 'He is not a brave man, who combats with a furious elephant; but he is a man indeed, who, even in wrath, uttereth not idle words.' \*\*\* As far as you can avoid it, distress not the mind of any one, for in the path of life there are many thorns. Assist the exigencies of others, since you also stand in need of many things.' \*\*\* 'If the augmentation of wealth depended upon knowledge, none would be so distressed as an ignorant fellow; but God bestows on a single fool, as much wealth as would astonish an hundred men of wisdom.' \*\*\* 'Mankind praise the peacock for his beautiful plumage, but he is ashamed of his ugly feet.'

\*\*\* 'They asked Lokman from whom he learnt urbanity, he replied; From those of rude manners; for whatsoever I saw in them that was disagreeable, I avoided doing the same.'

\*\*\* 'A certain religious man in one night would eat ten pounds of food, and who before the morning would have completely finished the Koran in his devotions. A holy man hearing this said; If he had eaten half a loaf, and slept, it would have been much more meritorious.' \*\*\* 'Whosoever possessest a virtuous disposition, and has his mind devoted to God, is a religious man, without feeding on consecrated bread.' \*\*\* 'A pupil complained to his spiritual guide of being much disturbed by impertinent visitors, who broke in upon his valuable time, and he asked how he could get rid of them. The superior replied; To such as are poor, lend money, and from those that are rich, ask something, when you may depend upon not seeing one of them again.' \*\*\* 'Whosoever through folly exalts his neck, precipitates himself into distress.' \*\*\* 'To sew patch upon patch, and be patient, is preferable to writing a petition to a great man for clothing.'

\*\*\* 'In the annals of Ardsheet Babūkan, it is recorded, that he asked an Arabian physician, what quantity of food ought to be eaten in the course of a day. He answered that the weight of one hundred direm's was sufficient. The king asked what strength could be derived from so small a quantity? The physician replied; This quantity is sufficient to support you, and whatever you eat you must carry. We eat to live and praise God; you believe that you live to eat.'

'A certain gallant man was grievously wounded in an expedition against the Tartars; somebody said, Such a merchant has an unguent of which perhaps he might give you a little were you to ask it. The merchant was notorious for his parsimony. If the sun had been on his table instead of bread, no one would have seen light in the world till the day of judgment.'

‘ If you eat colocynth from the hand of a kind man, it is preferable to a sweetmeat given by one who has a crabbed countenance.’ \*\*\* ‘ Evil is the food which you obtain in the time of distress ; the kettle is indeed upon the hearth, but your reputation is diminished. He increased my bread and lessened my honour ; it is better to be destitute of means, than to suffer the disgrace of solicitation.’ \*\*\* ‘ They asked Hatim Tai, if he had ever seen or heard of any person in the world more noble-minded than himself. He replied ; One day, after having sacrificed forty camels, I went along with an Arab chief to the skirt of a desert, where I saw a labourer, who had made up a bundle of thorns ; whom I asked, why he did not go to the feast of Hatim Tai, to whose table people were repairing in crowds ? he answered ; Whoever eateth bread from his own labour will not submit to be under obligation to Hatim Tai.’

‘ I never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor murmured at the ordinances of heaven, excepting once, when my feet were bare, and I had not the means of procuring myself shoes. I entered the great mosque at Cufah with a heavy heart, when I beheld a man who had no feet. I offered up praise and thanksgiving to God for his bounty, and bore with patience the want of shoes.’ \*\*\* ‘ If every hair of your head possessed two hundred accomplishments, they would be of no use when fortune is unpropitious.’ \*\*\* ‘ He, who quickly lays hold of the sword in his anger, will gnaw the back of his hand through sorrow.’ \*\*\* ‘ If you want a paternal inheritance, acquire from your father knowledge, for his wealth may be spent in ten days.’ \*\*\* ‘ You may bend green wood as much as you please ; but when it is dry it cannot be made straight without fire.’

‘ An Indian was teaching others how to make fire-works, when a wise man said to him, ‘ This is not fit play for you, who inhabit a house made of reeds.’ \*\*\* ‘ They inquired of a religious man, the meaning of this tradition, ‘ You have not any enemy so powerful as the passion of lust which is within you.’ He replied, Because that any enemy to whom you shew kindness becomes your friend ; excepting lust, the indulgence of which increases its enmity.’ \*\*\* ‘ The rich are the revenue of the poor, a storehouse for the recluse, the pilgrim's hope, and the asylum of travellers.’ \*\*\* ‘ He sleeps uneasily at night who knows not how to provide for to-morrow.’ \*\*\* Riches are for the comfort of life, and not life for the accumulation of riches.’ \*\*\* ‘ How much soever you may study science, when you do not wisely, you are ignorant.’ \*\*\* ‘ A learned man without temperance is a blind man carrying a link.’ \*\*\* ‘ Reveal not to a friend every secret that you possess, for how can you tell but what he may some time or other become your enemy.’ \*\*\* ‘ Inflict not on an enemy every injury in your power, for he may afterwards become your friend.’ \*\*\* ‘ Speak in such a manner between two enemies, that should they afterwards become friends you may not be put to the blush.’ \*\*\* ‘ Hostility between

two people is like fire, and the evil-fated backbiter supplies fuel. Afterwards, when they are reconciled together, the backbiter is hated, and despised by both parties.' \*\*\* 'O wise man! wash your hands of that friend, who associates with your enemies.' \*\*\* 'When in transacting business, you are under any hesitation, make choice of that which will produce the least injury.' \*\*\* 'Speak not harshly to a man of placid manners.' \*\*\* 'Anger, when excessive, createth terror; and kindness out of season destroys authority.' \*\*\* 'A shepherd said to his father; O thou, who art wise, teach me one maxim from your experience. He replied, Be complacent, but not to that degree that they may insult you with the sharp teeth of the wolf.' \*\*\* 'When you see contentious amongst your enemies, go and sit at ease with your friends; but when you see them of one mind, string your bow, and place stones upon the ramparts.' \*\*\* 'He who gives advice to a self-conceited man, stands himself in need of counsel from another.' \*\*\* 'If wisdom was to cease throughout the world, no one would suspect himself of ignorance.' \*\*\* 'He, who when he hath power doeth not good, when he loseth the means, will suffer distress.' \*\*\* 'He who performeth not the divine precepts, neither will he care for his debt to you.' \*\*\* 'Not every one that is ready to dispute is quick in transacting business.' \*\*\* 'It is not the part of a wise man to box with a lion, or to strike his fist against a sword.' \*\*\* 'He who is a slave to his belly sleeps not for two nights; one night from a loaded stomach and the next night through want.' \*\*\* 'A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment.' \*\*\* 'The widow relishes grapes and not the master of the vineyard. He who lives in ease and wealth, how can he know what it is to be hungry? He knows the condition of the distressed whose own circumstances are needy. O thou who art mounted on a swift horse, reflect that the ass laden with thorns, is sticking in the mud.' \*\*\* 'A sinner who lifts up his hands in prayer, is better than a devotee who exalts his head.' \*\*\* 'Vinegar and pot herbs obtained by one's own labour, are preferable to bread and lamb received from the head man of the village.' \*\*\* 'A grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.' \*\*\* 'Those who do not pity the weak, will suffer violence from the powerful.'

We have thus been at some pains to extract what constitutes the moral essence of this interesting work. But the excellence of many of the observations will certainly be heightened by reading them in conjunction with the tales by which they are illustrated. We have exhibited specimens of only a few of the shortest tales. The tales themselves do not evince much art in the construction, nor much genius in the invention; but none of them have the fault of being complex, and most of them have the merit of being brief. Both the tales and the remarks evince a con-

siderable insight into human nature, and a profound sense of the inestimable importance of morality in all the relations of life.

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ART. XI.—*A Sermon on the Duty and Expediency of translating the Scriptures into the current Languages of the East, for the Use and Benefit of the Natives: Preached by special Appointment before the University of Oxford, November 29th, 1807. By the Rev. Edward Nares, M. A. late Fellow of Merton College, and Rector of Biddenden, Kent. 4to. Black and Parry. 1808.* ♦

THE subject which the Reverend Edward Nares has chosen for his discourse is found in Acts ii. 7—11. The miraculous gift of tongues, with which the apostles were endowed for a specific purpose, Mr. N. considers as an argument for our propagation of the gospel in every part of the world.

‘The great importance,’ says he, ‘of this miracle is, that it not only warrants, in the most indisputable manner, our interposition in such matters’ (meaning an attempt to alter the religious belief of other states) ‘but it enables us at once to pass by various objections which the perverseness of man’s reason would oppose to our undertakings.’

We do not, we must confess, discern the justness of this conclusion nor the relevancy of this inference. If the apostles were favoured with the miraculous gift of tongues for a particular and temporary object, it does not follow that christians in all future times are to practice the same conduct without having received a similar commission. The gift of tongues which the apostles received, was an injunction to them to attempt the conversion of the nations, whose languages they were thus supernaturally empowered to speak. But can we produce credentials of similar validity? When Mr. Nares adds that this miracle ‘enables us to pass by,’ we suppose he means that it invalidates ‘various objections’ which might be opposed to such an undertaking, we think that he carries his conclusion far beyond what he is authorised by his premises. For those objections which might be removed by a miracle may remain in full force where they are not repelled by a miraculous confutation. Our Saviour’s direction, ‘Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name, &c.’ supposing that verse genuine, of which we know that some learned men have their

doubts, was evidently restricted to his immediate disciples. In the third paragraph of his elaborate discourse, Mr. Nares says,

'We need not stop to inquire what impediments have heretofore hindered the propagation of the gospel, what causes have operated to retard the general conversion of mankind; but being possessed *at any time of any means* to promote an object, not only obvious to the understanding of any considerate person, but pointed out to us by an express miracle from heaven, *we may not*, I think, *hesitate to do our utmost to accomplish the will of God, and to propagate by all possible opportunities, and to the remotest parts of the earth, the gospel of his blessed son.*'

Surely Mr. Nares does not mean by this sentence that if the propagation of christianity ought to be our end *we are not to be scrupulous about the means!!!* We are, we trust, as warm and as zealous advocates for the unvitiated doctrine of Jesus as Mr. Nares or any of his friends, but we are convinced that the gospel of Christ is not to be propagated by barbarous compulsion nor by pious fraud. Yet if we are, in the language of Mr. Nares, to 'promote the object *at any time by any means*,' what cruelty and deception may we not soon practise without any hesitation? No truth in morals is more sacred nor more clear than this, that we ought not to do evil that good may come.

When Mr. N. intimates that the proselyting propensities which he wishes to inflame, '*are pointed out to us by an express miracle from heaven*' we must beg leave to suggest that there is no resemblance between an act which was performed by *miraculous powers* and a similar attempt by *human means*. If God himself did not suffer the first teachers of christianity to attempt the conversion of the heathen without supernatural aid, *is it such a clear point*, as Mr. N. supposes, that we are to prosecute the same work *without similar assistance?* We were not a little surprised to find a gentleman of such acknowledged piety as Mr. Nares, making use of the following sentence; 'Whatever,' says he, '*we may be disposed to think of the success of this miraculous assistance from the present state of mankind, I see not how it is possible to doubt of the intention of God's eternal providence.*' Does Mr. Nares intimate that this miraculous gift of tongues, was not so efficacious as might have been expected; and that '*the intentions of God's eternal providence*' were greater than the performance? It may often truly be said of man that his performances are less than his intentions; but ought we, even in the most distant man-

ver, to ascribe this imperfection to the Deity? God never intends what he does not *perform*; and he always performs what he *intends*. His acts always correspond with his intentions and his intentions with his acts. The miraculous assistance, therefore, which God afforded to the first teachers of christianity was to the full as efficacious and successful as he *intended* that it should. It is impossible to think otherwise without evincing great disrespect to the attributes of God.

Mr. Nares asserts p. 7. that the practicability of the future conversion of the Hindoos is proyed by *the many thousands who have been already converted to the christian faith*; We do not know whence Mr. N. derived this information; for Major Scott Waring, who is well acquainted with the subject, has told us that all the conversions, which have hitherto been effected by the industry of the missionaries are few; and that those few have been confined to persons of the most worthless characters, who would reflect disgrace on any cause; and with respect to whom consequently it matters very little what *form* of worship they *profess*. Perhaps when Mr. Nares boasted of *his many thousands of conversions* before his admiring audience at St. Mary's, he imagined that the pious work which the munificent *douceur* of the evangelical Mr. Buchanan had incited him to perform, might well excuse a little rhetorical exaggeration. Mr. Nares says, p. 8, that '*the mere alarm of opposing prejudices can have nothing in it to deter us*'; but we trust that there is no sober-minded religionist in this country who would not shrink from the perilous attempt to crush the rooted, the fondly-cherished, the long continued, and the far-transmitted prejudices of fifty millions of men. Shall we in order to gratify the enthusiasm or the pride of a few visionaries and fanatics, risk the safety of an empire by endeavouring to *subvert* the ancient creed, and to crumble into dust the beloved and revered institutions of such a mass of population? Can he, who is rationally pious, justify such attempt to his conscience? or he, who is politically wise, to his country? But what is the doctrine which Mr. Nares proposes to impart to the natives of Hindoostan in exchange for their present religious rites? Does he urge us to disperse among them the *simple morality* of the gospel, enforced by the impressive sanction of a future life?—No; of this the learned theologue says little; and, though this comprises all the religion that Christ taught, and all that is requisite for the natives either of Europe or of Asia, he

*thinks it not enough.* He must add the doctrines of incarnation, of the atonement, of hereditary depravity, of the moral incapacity of man, of justification by faith, &c. &c. which would only bewilder the minds of the people in the east as much as they do in the west. Indeed, for every moral purpose, the Hindoos might as well be left under the influence of their present superstitions, as have their minds perplexed, and their affections chilled by that deleterious doctrine which the evangelical missionaries would instil. We see no objection to the circulation of the scriptures in the languages of the East ; but we must consider any attempt to overturn the present religious institutions of the Hindoos and Mahomedans through a host. of calvinistic visionaries and fanatics, to be pregnant with infinite danger to our Asiatic sway. Let us spare no pains to *moralize* the people of India, to teach them the duties of truth, of justice, and of charity ; let us endeavour to deter them from vice, to encourage them in virtue, and to console them in woe by the prospect of a life after death. All this may be done by rational and sober-minded christians with great benefit to the natives, and to the interests of the company. *More than this we ought not to attempt* : and, in attempting this, it will be necessary to respect the ancient prejudices of the people, and not to shew any contempt even for the most frivolous of their ceremonial rites. Let us leave these to the **GRADUAL ABOLITION OF REASON, AND THE SLOW DESTRUCTION OF TIME.** The religion of Jesus which is the boon of heaven, will finally triumph over every system which is the mere contrivance of man ; but let us not suffer the hot-headed votaries of methodism to traverse the peninsula of India not to diffuse the *moral light of genuine christianity*, but only to substitute *one species of superstition for another*. All superstition may be accounted evil ; but, of all the superstitions which were ever engendered in the mind of man, that which goes under the name of *methodism*, is the most opposite to truth, and the most destructive of virtue and of happiness. The best things, when corrupted, become the worst ; this may be said of the heavenly doctrine of Christ, when metamorphosed by ignorance, hypocrisy, and fraud, into that shapeless mass of pollution which is taught by the fanatics of the *evangelical* school. In exposing, as we shall never omit any opportunity of doing, the dangerous tendency of this subtle poison, though we are incurring the malignity of a host, we are conscious that we are acting as the best friends of that christianity which we revere, of that country which we love, and of the general interests of mankind, which, we should

not be christians, if we did not labour to promote. Mr. Nares appears to have bestowed considerable pains on the composition of his sermon, but he seems unfortunately to have viewed the subject in a wrong light; and we think that on more mature consideration, he will be induced to alter his opinions.

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## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*A new Argument for the Existence of God.* London,  
12mo. Longman. 1808.

THIS new argument is founded on the Berkleyan hypothesis of the non-existence of matter. "The non-existence of matter" says the author "is an irresistible proof of the existence of God." The writer enumerates eleven difficulties "which the hypothesis of a material world, involves and which he considers as so many arguments against its existence. We will give a specimen of these difficulties as they are called. It shall be the seventh.—"The common hypothesis supposes the substance of matter to be composed of atoms; and that those atoms are indiscernible, indivisible; yet a number of them put together will beget a divisible. One would think this was said by way of joke or mockery; and more than this that this indivisible is divisible *ad infinitum*—to an eternity of eternities (pass the hyperbole) without advancing one step towards annihilation—There is no other way of getting rid of this dilemma. (I rather call it absurdity) no alternative but the non-existence of matter.' The author says that the operations of nature are carried on in the most simple way; that God's doing every thing himself is the most simple way; and that consequently the apparatus of an external world is not so simple a way of producing effects as an immediate operation of the divine mind on the sensory of animals. 'We give the opinions of the ingenious author; but we do not state our own.

ART. 13.—*The Importance of educating the Poor;—a Sermon preach-ed July 18th, 1808, at the Black Friars, Canterbury, in Behalf of the Royal Free School, recently established in that City. To which is added an interesting Letter of Sir Richard Phillips, Sheriff of London,*  
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*on the present State of the Prisons in the Metropolis, as illustrative of this Subject. By John Evans, A.M. Preached and published at particular Request. Second Edition. 1s. Symonds. 1808.*

MR. EVANS is always ready to embrace every favourable opportunity for diffusing knowledge and promoting virtue. On passing through Canterbury last month, he was requested to preach the present discourse for the benefit of a school which has lately been instituted on the plan of MR. LANCASTER. The sermon was not composed till the day before it was preached ; but though a hasty it is a respectable performance and well suited to the benevolent purpose for which it was designed.

**ART. 14.—*Christian Liberty advocated; a Discourse delivered June 29th, 1808, at the Unitarian Chapel in Lincoln. By Henry Hunt Piper. Longman. 1808.***

WE consider it as a very favourable symptom of the increase of pure religion in the present times that unitarian chapels and unitarian preachers are beginning to be diffused over the country. This appears to us the best, perhaps the only way of effectually counteracting the progress of that pernicious anti-moral evil, called *Methodism*. Thus error will be combated by knowledge, enthusiasm by good sense, fanaticism by sober conduct, and intolerance by charity.

The sermon of MR. HUNT PIPER breathes those enlightened, liberal, and amiable sentiments which are always heard in the sanctuary of Unitarian Christianity.

**ART. 15.—*A Letter to the Parisian Sanhedrin, containing Reflections on their recent Proceedings, and on their venal Apostacy from the Mosaic Institutes; with Observations on the Conduct of Bonaparte, relative to his projected Subversion and final Extinction of the Religion of Judaism in France. By an English Israelite. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Jones and Bumford. 1808.***

THIS English Israelite very pointedly and very properly reproves the members of the Parisian Sanhedrin for their mean and dastardly compliances with the arbitrary will of Bonaparte. He represents many of the answers which they gave to his queries, as contrary to the law of Moses, and as exhibiting marks of the most disgraceful adulteration to a tyrant rather than of a proper regard for the precepts and usages of their forefathers. The writer says that the twelve leading questions which were proposed to the Sanhedrin by Bonaparte's commissioners shewed a very imperfect acquaintance with Judaism as contained in the Pentateuch : and he seems to think that one object of the emperor was to get acknowledged as the only temporal sovereign of the Jews dispersed throughout Europe : but it was more probably designed to carry on by their means a system of political

espionage very favourable to his inordinately ambitious views. We are happy to find that the policy of the tyrant is not likely to succeed; and that the English Jews strongly disapprove the proceedings of their fellow-religionists in the Parisian Sanhedrin.

**ART. 16.—*An Antidote to Infidelity, insinuated in the Works of E. Gibbon, Esq. containing the Expositions of the Prophecies of our blessed Saviour, in Matt. 24, Mark 13, and Luke 21, with other interesting Disquisitions to similar Effect, carefully selected; and enlarged with some few additional Remarks. By a Lover of Truth.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1808.**

THIS Antidote is the composition of an old lady, who devotes her time to these pious works. Whether the success of her remedy will be equal to her own good intentions, we do not pretend to decide. We heartily wish that as it has been charitably prepared it may be successfully administered.

#### POLITICS.

**ART. 17.—*The Dawn of Liberty on the Continent of Europe; or the Struggle of the Spanish Patriots, for the Emancipation of their Country.* By J. Agg. 8vo. Longman. 1808.**

WITH Mr. Agg, whose spirited and sensible pamphlet we have read with pleasure, we hailed the earliest indication of a general and well-concerted determination in the Spanish people to emancipate their country from the foreign influence, to which its dearest interests have been so long sacrificed, and to make a vigorous stand against the overbearing ambition of the tyrant of France. We saw in this event the reduction of his power and the ultimate deliverance of Europe from the chains with which he threatened every people and state in the civilized world. The resistance of the Spaniards has hitherto been attended with the happiest results. Though we always thought that they would be successful yet their successes have hitherto exceeded our expectations. There have been a gravity and a wisdom in their councils, and a vigour and a caution in their military operations, which if they be continued must render them invincible. In this pamphlet Mr. Agg first gives a brief sketch of the events which led to and have accompanied the recent revolution in Spain, and he next considers the probable issue of the conflict. In the circumstances of the country, in the disposition of the people, in the military force which they can bring into action, and in the system which they have well digested and vigorously pursued, he sees, as we every reason to anticipate, one of the most glorious triumphs that the genius of liberty ever gained over the demon of despotism.

**ART. 18.—*Corruption and Intolerance; two Poems, with Notes, addressed to an Englishman, by an Irishman.* Carpenter. 1808.**

AS the prose constitutes the largest part of the present pamphlet,

and as the poetry, though far from being destitute of spirit, is probably considered by the author himself as subordinate to the matter in the notes we have classed this work rather under the head of politics than of poetry. In his prose as well as in his poetry the author seems studiously to depreciate the revolution of 1688 to which the epithet 'glorious' is usually applied. 'No nation' says the author 'was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the first and his parliament were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H—kesb—ry eulogizes the churchmen of that period; and as the reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages, accordingly, were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing.' Further on he says, that as in 1688, we 'had a revolution without a reform,' the object of his wishes now is that we may have 'a reform without a revolution.'

The note which follows, may perhaps be read with advantage by those, who think that the religious system of the catholics is incompatible with any enlightened sentiments of political liberty and with any correct idea of the relations which subsist and ought to be maintained between the governors and the governed.

'Bellarmine the most violent of the advocates for papal authority, was one of the first to maintain (see *De Pontif.* lib. i. cap. 7.), 'That kings have not their authority or office immediately from God nor his law, but only from the law of nations;' and in King James's 'Defence of the rights of kings against Cardinal Perron,' we find his majesty expressing strong indignation against the Cardinal for having asserted 'that to the deposing of a king the consent of the people must be obtained'—'for by these words (says James) the people are exalted above the King, and made the judges of the King's deposing.' P. 424—Even in *Mariana's* celebrated book, where the nonsense of bigotry does not interfere, there are some liberal and enlightened ideas of government, of the restraints which should be imposed upon royal power, of the subordination of the throne to the interest of the people, &c. &c. (*De Rege et Regis Institutione.* See particularly lib. i. cap. 6, 8, and 9.)—It is rather remarkable too, that England should be indebted to another Jesuit, for the earliest defence of that principle upon which the revolution was founded, namely, the right of the people to change the succession. (See *Doleman's* 'Conferences,' written in support of the title of the *infanta* of Spain against that of James I.)—When Englishmen, therefore, say that Popery is the religion of slavery, they should not only recollect that their boasted constitution is the work and bequest of Popish ancestors; they should not only remember the laws of Edward III. 'under whom (says Bo-

lingbroke) the constitution of our parliaments, and the whole form of our government, became reduced into better form; but they should know that even the errors of popery have leaned to the cause of liberty, and that papists, however mistaken their motives may have been, were the first promulgators of the doctrines which led to the Revolution. But, in truth, the political principles of the Roman Catholics have generally been made to suit the convenience of their oppressors, and they have been represented alternately as slavish or refractory, according as a pretext for tormenting them was wanting. The same inconsistency has marked every imputation against them. They are charged with laxity in the observance of oaths, though an oath has been found sufficient to shut them from all worldly advantages. If they reject some decisions of their church, they are said to be sceptics and bad Christians; if they admit those very decisions, they are branded as bigots and bad subjects. We are told that confidence and kindness will make them enemies to the Government, though we know that exclusion and injuries have with difficulty prevented them from being its friends. In short, nothing can better illustrate the misery of those shifts and evasions by which a long course of cowardly injustice must be supported, than the whole history of Great Britain's conduct towards the Catholic part of her empire.'

**ART. 19.—***Annals of Europe, exhibiting the Origin, Progress, Decline and Fall of every Kingdom and State, from the Dismemberment of the Roman Empire to the Peace of Tilsit in 1807, comprehending a View of Italy and the Church, France, Germany, Great Britain, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Russia, Prussia, and Turkey; also an Account of the Monastic Life, and a List of the Popes, and containing a Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, with Strictures on his Merits as a Soldier, a Sovereign, and a Man; to which are added all the Treaties and Declarations, concluded and issued by the Belligerent Powers.* By James Ede. 2 Vols. 12mo. Richards. 1808.

THIS title page is sufficient to prove that the author has attempted to comprise too much in two 12mo. volumes of the ordinary size. We are not friends to such meagre and barren epitomes. Instead of enlarging the stock of knowledge they rather starve the supply; like the present work they profess much and perform little. Had Mr. Ede's Annals been a luminous chronological summary of the histories of Italy, France, Germany, &c. we might have bestowed some commendation on his work; but it appears to be rather a collection of scraps than a concentrated narrative of facts well arranged and perspicuously described.

**ART. 20.—***A Statement of the Proceedings of the Presbytery of Glasgow, relative to the Use of an Organ in St. Andrew's Church*

*in the public Worship of God, on the 23rd of August, 1807.*  
12mo. Ogle, London.

IT appears that the congregation of St. Andrew's church in Glasgow had long been anxious to enliven the sombre gravity of their public worship by the introduction of instrumental music. With this wish of his congregation, Dr. Ritchie the present minister of the parish lately concurred; and on the 22nd of August 1807, an organ was employed in the public worship of St. Andrew's church. No disturbance was occasioned by this innovation; the measure indeed seemed to be generally approved. But the Lord Provost of the city of Glasgow, who perhaps considered the tones of the organ as heretical sounds in the service of the Kirk determined to lay the whole business before the presbytery. Before the presbyters it was accordingly brought in due form; and on the 7th Oct. 1807 this anti-musical body declared, though not without several dissentient voices, that '*the use of organs in the public worship of God is contrary to the law of the land, and to the law and constitution of our established church, and that therefore they prohibit it in all the churches and chapels within their bounds.*'—Thus the attempt to introduce a little harmony into the service of the kirk is likely to excite great discord among the members.

ART. 21.—*A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Ellenborough, with the Report of a Motion made in the Court of King's Bench. By Nathaniel Highmore, L.L. and M.D. 8vo. Budd. 1807.*

ART. 22.—*A Letter to a Noble Lord, touching some Points in the Constitution of the High Court of Admiralty; with an occasional Remark on the late Orders of Council. By Nathaniel Highmore, Doctor and Professor of Civil Law, Member of Jesus College, Cambridge, and commissioned Advocate in his Majesty's Courts of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction. 8vo. Budd. 1808.*

THE case which Dr. Highmore has made out in these two letters is one of singular hardship and we do not hesitate to say, oppression. Dr. Highmore was ordained deacon in 1787; he never took priest's orders, and in the year 1792 he abandoned the clerical profession. In the year 1796 he took the degree of doctor of civil law in the university of Cambridge, in order to qualify himself to practise as an advocate in the ecclesiastical court under the jurisdiction and controul of the Archbishop of Canterbury. For this purpose he obtained the *fiat* of the Archbishop; but when he proposed to take his seat in the court of Arches, agreeably to the commission of the archbishop, he was informed by the dean of the arches that his admission to act as an advocate of that court, was contrary to the canons; as he had previously taken deacon's orders. Dr. Highmore acquainted the archbishop with the refusal of the dean of the

arches ; the archbishop referred Dr. H. to the judge of the admiralty, Sir Wm. Scott, for his opinion on the case. The judge of the admiralty coincided with the dean of the arches with respect to the inadmissibility of Dr. Highmore. But Dr. Highmore says that the register of the society of advocates will furnish several instances of persons in holy orders who have practised as advocates in the court of arches, &c. &c. Indeed according to the original constitution of these courts, the admission of laymen is an innovation ; and the only qualified persons are persons in holy orders. After this Dr. H. made several ineffectual applications to the archbishop to enforce his authority and to *make his own fiat obeyed in his own courts*. But the metropolitan seems to have paid more deference to the opinions of Sir W. Wynne and Sir W. Scott than to the cogency of precedents or to the strong reasons of the case. Instead of enforcing the archbishop recalled the *fiat* which he had issued. Dr. Highmore appealed to the court of King's Bench ; but that court seems to have thought itself incompetent to interfere. Thus after spending half his patrimony in qualifying himself to act as an advocate in Doctor's Commons, Dr. Highmore is refused admission on a point of form, which we will venture to say that no persons of enlarged minds, ingenuous sentiments, and benevolent hearts, would ever have alleged. We feel most sincerely for the great distress, the poignant mortifications and the bitter disappointments which Dr. H. has experienced ; and we think it not a little hard that the episcopal ordination, which Dr. H. unfortunately underwent, should have operated as a curse on his fairer prospects of fortune and of fame.

## NOVELS.

ART. 23.—*Marianna, or Modern Manners.* 2 vols. Cadell and Davies. 1808.

THE heroine of this novel makes her *début* in the following manner, Sir William and Lady Ashford, a most worthy couple, have the misfortune to lose their only remaining child, a son, who had just attained his majority, and been returned to parliament for a neighbouring borough. This blow, which crushed all their hopes and prospects, induces them to leave England, and travel through many parts of Europe. On their way home, through the south of France, they were detained by the illness of their favourite servant, who is very carefully attended by one of the members of a religious community. This good man, called the *Pere Elois*, applies to Sir William on behalf of an English lady who was confined for debt and dying in a jail. Sir William and his wife repair to the afflicted lady, whom they find in the agonies of death attended by a little daughter, Marianna, who is represented as about 10 years of age ; she implores their protection for her child, and is about to disclose her history when her tongue is arrested by the hand of

death, and the child's birth is left involved in mystery. Enough is collected to impress them with an idea that she is of some consequence, which is strengthened by their redeeming some valuable trinkets which had been pawned. Sir William and Lady A. resolve to bring the child up as their own, and to provide for her accordingly. At a proper age she is presented at court and introduced into the world, where her person and accomplishments are admired, and her goodness of heart and amiability of disposition render her beloved. She fixes her affections on a Mr. C. Marsdale, the second son of an upstart lord, who had been an army contractor, and by making himself useful to the minister, became an Irish peer, under the title of Lord Tewksbury. Many difficulties present themselves to the lovers, which are in a fair way of being surmounted when Sir William Ashford dies so very suddenly that he has not had time to finish his will; consequently Marianna is left on the bounty of Lady Ashford, who with parental tenderness saves all she can from her jointure, that she may bequeath to her beloved friend an independence at her death. They retire to Bern in Switzerland, and become acquainted (amongst a number of English,) with a Lord Gayton, a most dissipated and wicked character. He is described as clever, artful, and insinuating, regulating his conduct by the strictest rules of exterior propriety, and passing his whole life in devising schemes for the seduction of female innocence. Such are his views on Marianna; Marianna accompanies a lady and her daughter on an expedition to the Glaciers of Savoy, and Lord Gayton contrives to be of the party. On this occasion he hires some bravoës to carry her off and confine her in a remote house, from which perilous situation she is released by her lover Mr. Marsdale, when after various troubles she discovers this Lord Gayton to be her father, whom she finds afterwards at Basle wounded in a duel; and every thing is soon cleared up respecting her birth to the entire satisfaction of all parties. Lord Gayton very complaisantly chooses to die, and leave his daughter in possession of his fortune, who soon after marries Mr. Marsdale. In this attempt to pourtray *modern manners* we have a marquis with the actions and language of a groom; bold and dashing misses in despair of getting married, trying what affected timidity will do;—a literary lady in lady Ashford; a good whig tremblingly alive for the constitution in Sir William;—and an English woman who affects to despise her native country and ape every thing foreign. We cannot accuse the author of giving us any thing very new, but the story is simply told; and at least cannot offend if it do not delight.

ART. 24.—*Characters at Brighton.* By Ann Trelawney. 4 Vols.  
11. 4s. Hughes. 1808.

THE author tells us in her preface that the virtuous characters of this work are warm from nature, and sketched by the faithful pen of an historian, rather than with the flattering pencil of a pa-

tasite. To these ladies and gentlemen, who frequent Brighton, this work will be very gratifying, as they will recognize some of their old acquaintance ; but every anecdote must give place to the pleasure which we received from the following instance of benevolence in his royal highness the Prince of Wales,

‘ As soon as the youth saw Caustic approaching him, he ran forward to meet him, and taking off his cap, he said; ‘ I hope, Sir, you ben’t offended at my rudeness just now when I pushed before you; but the truth was, I had been running fit to break my neck to get to the Pavilion in time to see the Prince, and when I got there the whole place was jammed up with people, so I says to myself, says I, here goes, I’ll get a peep at him, push who I will, or my name be’nt Will Haslegrove. This grateful boy after some sly slaps at what he calls the fine folks that surround the Prince and who he says gets blamed for their dogs tricks very undeservedly, begins his story.

‘ You must know that about three years ago, when I worked for old Russel the builder, I was but quite a stripling then, we were building a house in North Street, and I was always a careless sort of a chap and never thought of any fear ; and mother she used always to be saying to me, Will, do be a little steady, you be always so headlong at every thing, by and bye you’ll meet with some mischance.—Well, sure enough it happened just as mother said it would, for one day when I was coming down the ladder from the top of the house I was telling you about, to fetch a hod of mortar, instead of minding my footing, I stepped off the ladder whilst I was chattering to the workmen above, and down I went an end upon my head, and struck my forehead against a shovel that was stuck in a heap of mortar below. So I fractured my skull just here (said he, taking off his hair cap and shewing a large scar on his forehead,) and then to be sure, I knew nothing more of what happened, only what people told me afterwards, but howsomdever I must go on you know just the same in telling the story as if I had knowed every thing.—Well as luck would have it, just as I fell, by comes the prince, in his phaeton, so he stopped to ax what was the matter and when they told him, he got out of his carriage, and came through the crowd to me, and ordered the people to go and get a chair to set me in ; and then he sent one this way, and t’other that, to fetch ever so many doctors, and he staid till two of them came, and bid them take great care of me, and he would pay all expences, and he charged the people that were carrying me, to be very gentle with me, and not to let the crowd press upon me, and seemed just as good and as anxious about me as if I had been his relation. Well he was not content with doing all that, but he went into his own phaeton, and called to Dr. N—— himself, and bid him go to me, and spare no expence to cure me : Lord bless you, I had ten doctors all at once, a body would have thought that was enough to kill any body,

but Lord love you, it was quite another guess thing with me, for they all put their best foot foremost to cure me, to please the prince you know, and they didn't try any impediments with me as they be too apt to do to poor folks ; and there was poor Dr. K—— alive then, young and blooming as a body may say, though he was soon afterwards a corpse, more's the pity, for he was a dear good gentleman, just like his father before him, as I have heard mother say. Well, there was he as tender over me as a hen with a latter chick, for he was always more softer and gooder like to the poor than the rich, and that is not always the case with doctors you know. So then the prince, he sent for Mr. B—— the surgeon, and axed him whether he thought as we were very poor, and he said as how we was ; and that was true enough, for poor mother had not sixpence, and it was a long time before she recovered enough to know what a good friend God has sent for us. So when the prince heard as we were so poor he sent me a bed and blankets, and a pair of sheets, and ordered we should have every thing we wanted from his kitchen all the while I was ill, and that poor mother should have a woman to help her to tend me, for he said, a mother must suffer too much in anxiety, she need not have fatigue added to it : these were his own dear words, I learnt them by heart as soon as I heard them, and I often repeat them to myself till the tears comes into my eyes, for I love him more for his goodness to poor mother, if so be it be possible, than for what he did for I. Well, but this be'n all neither, hardly half, for do you know, when Mr. B—— the surgeon, told the prince as how my life depended upon being kept quiet, and that the carriages passing our house, disturbed me, he sent his caravan full of straw, in ten minutes afterwards, and there the street was littered just like as they lay it before fine ladies houses when they lie in. And would you believe it, he called his ownself at our poor hovel door, twice, to enquire how I went on. Well to be sure, with all this care I got over this misfortune, and when I was quite recovered, it was beginning to be cold weather, and the prince ordered me a nice warm suit of cloaths. ' And let him have a hair cap,' said he, ' it will prevent his catching cold, which might occasion bad headaches after such an accident.' We agree with the author that a prince may give away a large sum of money without any effort of generosity, but that such humane attentions can only be suggested by a truly benevolent heart.

## POETRY.

ART. 25.—*Poems and Tales.* By Miss Trefusis. 2 Vols. 8vo.  
Tipper. 1808.

WHETHER the *poetical fire*, by irritating the absorbents, produces a soft spot in the crânum, or whether it in some peculiar manner affects the brain, so as to produce that ungovernable rage

for scribbling always manifested when the morbid affection is at its height, we critical practitioners cannot decisively take upon ourselves to pronounce. Notwithstanding the strong doses which we have administered, we have not hitherto been able to remove the stimulus, whatever it be, without which we cannot speedily promise ourselves that we shall be able to eradicate the disease.

The patient at present brought before us for examination, is a female; and poetical females are privileged to talk and to write of 'snowy skin and amber hair,' more especially if they have the privilege of *possession*, which according to the calculations of the learned judges of these matters, is a point of fact worth *nine points of the law*. This being the case, if the reader is fond of

‘ Those lips of vermeil hue  
Encircling pearls so white, so small,  
Those eyes which rival heaven’s own blue  
That smile so tender and so true—

and so on—if this is to her taste, Miss Trefusis has a sonnet to Stella 'on her white forehead' and a sonnet to Bruno 'on his black eyes,' in which some very pretty things are said on these very pretty subjects.

We would with great deference, but with great sincerity, recommend to this fair lady the making of pastry, in preference to the making of poetry: for it is an absolute truth—a truth, which in spite of the muses we cannot conceal,—that, a good pie is better than a bad poem. It is better, for example, than such 'a mad song' as the following:

‘ Over the mountains he wanders afar,  
Over the woodlands, along the sea-shore;  
By the light of the glow-worm we’ll follow his car,  
When once he is caught, he shall wander no more.

Rattle, Rattle, Rattle!

Hark! how they rush to battle  
Have courage, love, there’s murder in thine eye:  
By looking on thee, myriads die.—

Heard ye not yon passing bell?  
Slowly sad it tolls his knell:  
Nay, do not weep  
Perhaps he does but sleep  
Whistle ye winds his lullaby.

‘ Over the mountains, &c. &c. &c.

If the reader is an *amateur* of this sort of poetry, he has here an opportunity of gratifying his taste, by purchasing two neat volumes full of the *valuable* commodity.

ART. 26.—*An Address to Time, with other Poems.* By John Jackson of Harrop Wood, near Macclesfield, Cheshire. Second Edition; with an Appendix containing various Letters of the Author to his Friends. Longman. 1808.

WE are told in an advertisement prefixed to these poems, that the publication of them is designed as

‘A means of procuring for a virtuous and deserving young man that pecuniary assistance which may enable him in some measure to co-operate with the wishes and liberality of his patrons and friends in acquiring the very important advantage of a classical education.’

Mr. Jackson appears to be about twenty years of age; and we suppose that his friends esteem him a young man of no ordinary promise. In his poems we do not, however, discover any such marks of genius as would justify us in placing him on a level with Chatterton, Burns, Bloomfield, or Kirk White. Of these four resplendent names, in the poetic hemisphere, only Kirk White had the benefit of a classical education; and we are of opinion that the want of it would not have made any deduction from his poetic excellence. If Mr. Jackson possesses a genuine taste for poetry, we do not think with his friends and patrons, that he would derive any important advantage from a classical education; but if a classical education be intended to be subservient to his taking orders, practising tuition, or to any other means of gaining a comfortable livelihood, we heartily wish that he may receive every encouragement which is suited to his literary merit, and his private worth.

ART. 27.—*Odes, Sonnets, and other Poems, by William Mackdowall Tartt.* 6s. Longman. 1808.

THIS is another juvenile production; it is dedicated to Mr. Roscoe, and consists of odes, sonnets, and miscellaneous poems. Some of the sonnets are pretty, but no sensations of poetic enthusiasm will be kindled by the perusal of the odes; and the miscellaneous poems are not without their due share of insipidity.

ART. 28.—*The Siller Gun; a Poem in four Cantos, with Notes and a Glossary.* 12mo. 4s. Richardson. 1808.

THIS poem is said to be founded on an ancient custom in Dumfries called ‘shooting for the siller gun.’ The gun is a small silver tube like the barrel of a pistol, but derives great importance from its being the gift of James VI. That monarch having ordained it as a prize to the best marksman among the corporations of Dumfries. The contest was by royal authority licensed to take place every year; but in consequence of the trouble and expence attending it the cus-

tom has not been so frequently observed. Whenever the festival is appointed, the birth-day of the reigning sovereign is invariably chosen for that purpose.' It was on one of these occasions, 4th June 1776, that some verses which formed the groundwork of this poem were composed. The *dramatis persona* are said to have been persons well known at that time in Dumfries and who made a prominent figure in the festival. From these circumstances and the uncouth dialect in which the poem is written it is not likely to interest many readers on this side of the Tweed; but beyond the Tweed and particularly at Dumfries it will no doubt excite interest and gratify curiosity.

ART. 29.—*A Selection of Psalms, adapted to the Service of a Parochial Church.* 12mo. 1s. Crosby. 1808.

JUDICIOUSLY selected, and well adapted to the devotional music of a parochial church.

ART. 30.—*The Eagle's Masque.* By Tom Tit. 12mo. London. 1808.

THIS will prove a delicious treat to some of our young friends; in the perusal they may derive both pleasure and instruction from the very characteristic descriptions with which the poetical Mr. Tom Tit has here presented them of most of the feathered creation, who were present at the grand masquerade which was given by the king of birds.

## MEDICINE.

ART. 31.—*The Medical Compendium, for the Use of Families, &c.* considerably enlarged and improved by D. Cox, Chemist to his Majesty. 12mo. Longman, 1808.

THE great object of Mr. Cox in publishing this volume, is, (if we may judge from his frontispiece) to promote the sale of his medicine chests. His compendium then contains a short account of the drugs, which we presume are to be found in his chests, and of which he says, 'I do assert, that all and every drug introduced shall be of the first quality.' We cannot give Mr. Cox credit for originality in this design, and are inclined to believe that the success of some others has prompted him to this undertaking. However as the device is harmless, and even tends to promote popular knowledge we cannot object to it. Mr. Cox's book will serve as a good family dispensatory, and the medical information which is scattered through it, will at least do no harm: this we think commendation enough.

We ought to add that Mr. Cox's laboratory is at Gloucester where this book is printed.

ART. 32.—*A Letter on Vaccination, or the Propriety of inoculating Infants for Cow-Pox, considered; addressed to those whose Example may influence the inferior Orders.* By T. W. Wadley, Surgeon. 8vo. Murray.

MR. Wadley does not profess to advance any thing novel on the vaccine disease or the practice of vaccination. But he seems conscientiously to recommend it, from the successful result of his own experience, having in conjunction with his brother and coadjutor inoculated many hundreds, and not met with an untoward event. He therefore considers it his duty to recommend the practice to universal adoption, and has enforced his opinion by arguments, which we trust will carry conviction to every unprejudiced and well disposed mind.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 33.—*The Lady's Economical Assistant; or, the Art of cutting out, and making the most useful Articles of wearing Apparel without Waste; explained by the clearest Directions, and numerous Engravings, of appropriate and Tasteful Patterns.* By a Lady. Designed for domestic Use. 12s. 4to. Murray, Fleet Street. 1808.

IT cannot be supposed that we hoary-headed philosophers should be sufficiently proficients in the art of *cutting out*, to be able to criticise the present performance; but as we know that our review is honoured with the perusal of some persons of the softer sex, we were unwilling that the present performance, which is the production of a very sensible matron, should pass entirely unnoticed. These are times in which no lady need blush to be an economist in *cutting out*; and if we unsightly reviewers ever took a wife we should wish her to be one who was a proficient in the art; conscious that our fondled *bairns* would not then play before our door in garments as ragged as colts that have passed the winter on a common. We therefore solicited an active, sober, and judicious housewife of our acquaintance to favour us with her opinion of the work. That opinion is as follows: The most useful part of these instructions is that which tends to make the workwoman an adept in the useful art of *cutting out without waste*, and which defines the exact quantity which the dress or dresses will take according to the width of the material which is employed for the purpose. Single or married ladies will do well to devote a few mornings to the study of this very judicious book; the patterns are well drawn and very clearly and simply explained. A girl of twelve years of age may with a little attention perfectly comprehend the essentials in the art of *cutting out*. Nothing requires greater nicety than child-bed linen making: and no work is more pleasant to do; the mind and the affections are charmingly interested whilst the fingers are employed in providing for the little sensitive innocents comfortable habiliments or elegant

decorations. We cannot select one part of this book which is more useful than another ; the patterns, which are in twenty-seven plates, are all good and plain, but modern, neat, and convenient ; and a good workwoman will readily accommodate her scissars to the variations and caprices of the mode.

ART. 34.—*The Cutter, in five Lectures upon the Art of cutting Friends, Acquaintances, and Relations.* 8s. I. Carpenter. 1808.

THE contents of this book are divided into five lectures : 1st. The introductions and definitions. 2nd. Art of cutting acquaintances. 3d. Art of cutting friends. 4th. Art of cutting relations. 5th. First lines for the ladies. In these lectures are ample instructions, with their proper phrases, such as the *cue poignant*, the *cut direct*, and the *dead cut*. &c. We opened this book with the hope of being entertained with something very gay, lively, and smart on the present modern manners ; but we were obliged to lay down the book, wearied by the tediousness with which it must affect all who attempt a perusal. The instructions are so destitute of sprightliness or wit that it is difficult to pick out a paragraph which is worthy of attention. In describing the various methods of cutting we extract the following as one of the best. 'From what has been said it will be easily understood, that the *cutter* signifies the agent, or inflictor of a *cut* ; and that by the *cuttee* is meant he, on whom the *cut* is made. A *dead cut*, or to *cut dead*, is that most effectual method of cutting, which cannot fail to make the *cuttee* perfectly sensible of it : as for instance to stare him full in the face, with a look partaking of indifference and contempt, and, as he approaches with a countenance of conciliating humility, to turn on your heel and seek for amusement on the other side of the way ; or to pass him without so much as a nod of recognition.' Five coloured prints adorn the work for the elucidation of the different kinds of *cuts* to be practised, and if the set study of them can give our readers the smallest satisfaction or amuse them for five minutes, we must own that they are much more easy to be pleased than ourselves.

ART. 35.—*Antiquity, a Farce, in two Acts.* Reynell. 1808.

THE peculiarities of an antiquary afford considerable room for ridicule ; but we fear that the author has not made the most of his subject ; at least we have found nothing to relax the gravity of our muscles during the perusal. Perhaps the author will retort —that is not the fault of my wit, but of your gravity.

ART. 36.—*The Royal Legend: a Tale.* 12mo. 5s. Effingham Wilson. 1808.

IN this legend many shafts are aimed against the character of a certain illustrious prince ; but though they may have been dipped

in gall, they are shot with a feeble arm ; and the virtues of the great personage to whom we allude, are made of too stubborn stuff to be pierced even by the slanders of a more able calumniator. We must however express our abhorrence of any attempt to debase exalted characters by anonymous defamation.

ART. 37.—*British Chronology ; or a Catalogue of Monarchs, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar, to the Conquest of William Duke of Normandy ; to which are added Chronological Tables of English History, from the Conquest to the present Reign, calculated to afford Assistance to young Students of either Sex, who are desirous of attaining a Knowledge of the Annals of their Country. By the Rev. George Whitaker, A.M. Domestic Chaplain to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Master of the Grammar School in Southampton. 12mo. Law. 1808.*

THE object is explained in the title, and we have no fault to find with the execution.

ART. 38.—*Mélanges Historiques et Littéraires, par F. L. Hamel. 8vo. Symonds. 1808.*

THIS Melange, or Recueil of history and literature is in no respect inferior, and in many superior, to the other numerous works of the same nature, which have of late years issued in loads from the groaning printing offices of this town ; we therefore recommend it to the perusal of the young masters and misses of the fashionable schools of the metropolis and its vicinity, where the study of the French language constitutes a principal part of modern education.

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*List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.*

- Zouch's Memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney.
- Account of Jamaica by a Gentleman.
- Translation of Boileau's Satires.
- Fauche-Boreé's Accounts of Pichégru and Moreau.
- Boyer on the Bones.
- Macgill's Travels in Turkey.
- Jervis's Standard of the English Constitution.
- Kett Smith's Narrative of Major André.
- Tighe's Plants, a Poem.
- Williamson's Mathematics.

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The Appendix to vol. XIV. of the Critical Review, containing various articles of Foreign Literature, with a Digest of Literature and Politics for the last four months, will appear on the 1st of next month.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

The inaccuracies to which Mr. Simmons refers, were owing to the precipitation of the press.